

BLUSHES

NUMBER 29

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Cover picture from a forthcoming story in Blushes 30

NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS
UNDER THE AGE OF 18

£6



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The sound of the girl's breathing, sort of hushed and a bit panicky. The rustle of cloth as her skirt is pushed an inch or so higher up her back. Now, the sibilance of a work-hardened palm sliding across soft buttock-cheeks where the knickers don't cover the pale satiny skin. And now, the taut-sounding slide of her knickers' elasticated waistband across the same smooth-plump surface. A faint bleat of protest, but never mind —



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BLUSHES

ISSUE NUMBER 29

WAITING...



She was in the back hall of the rectory. Shivering. Not because it was cold exactly because it wasn't, not at half past four on a quite warm June afternoon. But the rectory was a sort of shivery place. She felt that ever since they had come to live in the village two years ago. When she was 18. Was it the rectory itself or was it its occupant Mr Crumley, the Rev Crumley? Probably both.

Although it wasn't cold one reason in particular that Janet was shivering now was that she had only vest and knickers on — plus her high-heeled shoes. No bra, Mr Crumley had made her take that off as well. And she was waiting for Mr Crumley to come back. Altogether that would make you shiver even on a warm June afternoon. It would make any young woman shiver, any of Mr Crumley's acquaintances certainly.

She had not been at all keen on going to Mr Crumley but there didn't seem to be anyone else and she needed two references. Dr Mitcham was one and Rev Crumley, being the vicar, would seem to be the other obvious one. That was what her mother said and on the face of it yes, it might seem obvious. But then Janet's mother didn't really know what Mr Crumley was like. Janet did not like the idea of having to ask him for anything but really there didn't seem to be any choice. Mr Crumley would give her a reference, she didn't doubt that. But at a price.

She took a look through the glass of the door. It wasn't quite clear glass but if you put your face close you could see. There was no one in sight. Just the rectory garden. But any time now there

would be the bulky figure of the Rev Archibald Crumley. Janet shivered again.

She had been in the group ever since they came here. The Young Women's Group. Run of course by Mr Crumley. Janet hadn't been particularly keen to join but her mother had insisted. 'If we're living in the place we must join in. And I think they're so nice, these village activities.' Her mother had joined the local W.I. That was mostly older women and had nothing to do with Mr Crumley.

The Young Women's Group sounded all right, young married women and unmarried girls of 18 plus. Discussion groups and a choir. And also of course private chats with Mr Crumley, at the rectory.

Mr Crumley liked the private chats best of all. A nice cosy session in the rectory sitting room, just the two of you. Side by side on the sofa with Mr Crumley encouragingly patting your knee. 'Just tell me, Janet. All your little problems. I'm sure you have little problems, all young women have. And it's so much easier if you can talk about them, isn't it? After all that's what I'm here for?'

What Mr Crumley wanted to hear, what he grilled you about, were all the intimate personal details. Of anything you might have been up to. The things that you didn't want to tell anyone. Certainly not Mr Crumley. But he kept on. And on. And eventually wheedled things out of you. And when he'd got them out of you...

Janet bit her lip and suppressed another shiver. Another peek out of the door. No sign, but he wouldn't be long. 'Just two minutes, my dear,' he had said. And familiarly squeezed her bottom. And of course he could do that when he'd got something on you, something that he'd kept on and on at you about until in desperation and not really knowing what you were saying you blurted it out.

Mr Linwood. Henry Linwood who was married and also as it happened a churchwarden. It had been Mr Linwood of course, keeping on at her until...That had been six months ago and Mr Crumley had found out about it soon afterwards and made Janet take some punishment. Her skirt off and her knickers down and the cane. She had thought she was going to die with that cane. But she hadn't done it again with Mr Linwood and it was all over. But then Mr Crumley when she reluctantly went to him with her request for the reference, for that job in town...Mr Crumley had acted as she could have guessed he would act.

That plummy, sanctimonious voice. 'Yes, Janet my dear. Of course. But I do think...'

What Mr Crumley thought was that if he was going to give a girl a reference he had to make sure she had learnt her lesson. 'That most regrettable business, Janet. You know what I refer to. I have to be sure that you are fully cognisant...'

He said he had to go out on an errand. Meanwhile if Janet got ready now and waited in the hall and spent the time in silent contemplation of her sinful behaviour. Then when he came back he would give her another good hard caning. And then he would write the reference. Gladly. Janet had thought about it for a moment and then done what Mr Crumley wanted. Taken off her dress. Then her vest and bra. After looking thoughtfully at the big bare breasts Mr Crumley said she could put the vest on again but not the bra. Maybe Mr Crumley thought that would be more humiliating, in vest and knickers but no bra like a young girl whereas clearly with those big, mature boobs Janet was not a young girl. Whatever the reason that was how Mr Crumley wanted her.

She was wondering whether to take another frightened peek through the door when she heard sounds. Crunching on the path. And then a shape there on the other side of the door. Indistinct from a distance through the opaque glass but it was Mr Crumley. The lock working. Glancing desperately round, like an animal in a trap, for some possible escape. But there was none. She needed that reference and she had come here willingly. Well, not really willingly. But she had come. And she would have to take it. That cane. That dreadful cane.

Mr Crumley coming in and carefully closing the door behind him. 'A lovely afternoon, Janet. Old Mrs Rilkins said it quite made her feel young again, this weather we're having. Mmmm.'

Janet was back against the wall, as far back as she could get. Really shivering now. Her heart going

bump, bump, bump. Now it was going to happen.

'Well, have you been thinking, my dear? Seeking forgiveness? I know you said you did before but I have to be quite sure of it if I am to take the moral responsibility of recommending you for this position. I owe that to your prospective employer. You can see that, I am sure.'

He had moved in close on her, his eyes fastened on the big boobs jutting out the tight vest. Ripe unbrassiered breasts, their womanly nipples clearly delineated through the thin cotton. Mr Crumley's hands came up. A squeaky gasp as he took hold of them.

'I trust you are telling the truth when you assure me there has been no repetition?'

Vigorously nodding her head. An awful sickly feeling as the hands squeezed and mounded her tits. 'Nothing at all, Janet? No one else?'

'Good. Well I certainly hope that is true.' At last he let go of her. 'So now to business. As I said I intend to give you another warming with the cane as a reminder for the future. Now then...'

He was fetching a wooden chair. Putting it close against the wall. The last time, the last caning, had been in the sitting room. But this one evidently.

'Kneel up on the chair, Janet. Stretch your arms up against the wall. That's it.'

Doing it. She had to have the reference. And it wouldn't take long. Not really. Though afterwards the pain...Mr Crumley was tugging down her knickers. And running his hands over her bare bottom. Making little appreciative sounds as he did so. She pressed her face against the cool wall. It wouldn't take long, it would soon be over...

CRACK!...

Oh God. No! She couldn't...The pain was impossible.

'Keep still, Janet. You're a big girl remember.'

CRACK!...

No! No! No! No....oooo...

* * *

Outside the rectory, with its pistol-like sounds of cane meeting flesh and those attendant yelps of distress, the life of the village proceeding in its quiet, time-honoured English way. People remarking once again on the weather. Old Mrs Rilkins sitting under a sunshade noisily sipping hot strong tea. Janet's mother pruning roses. Also one young married lady, another member of Mr Crumley's Young Women's Group, with her husband away for the day, doing what she shouldn't be doing, in other words engaging in extramarital sexual intercourse, in her bedroom. And vaguely wondering, as she did so, whether Mr Crumley could possibly find out. Or wheedle it out of her.

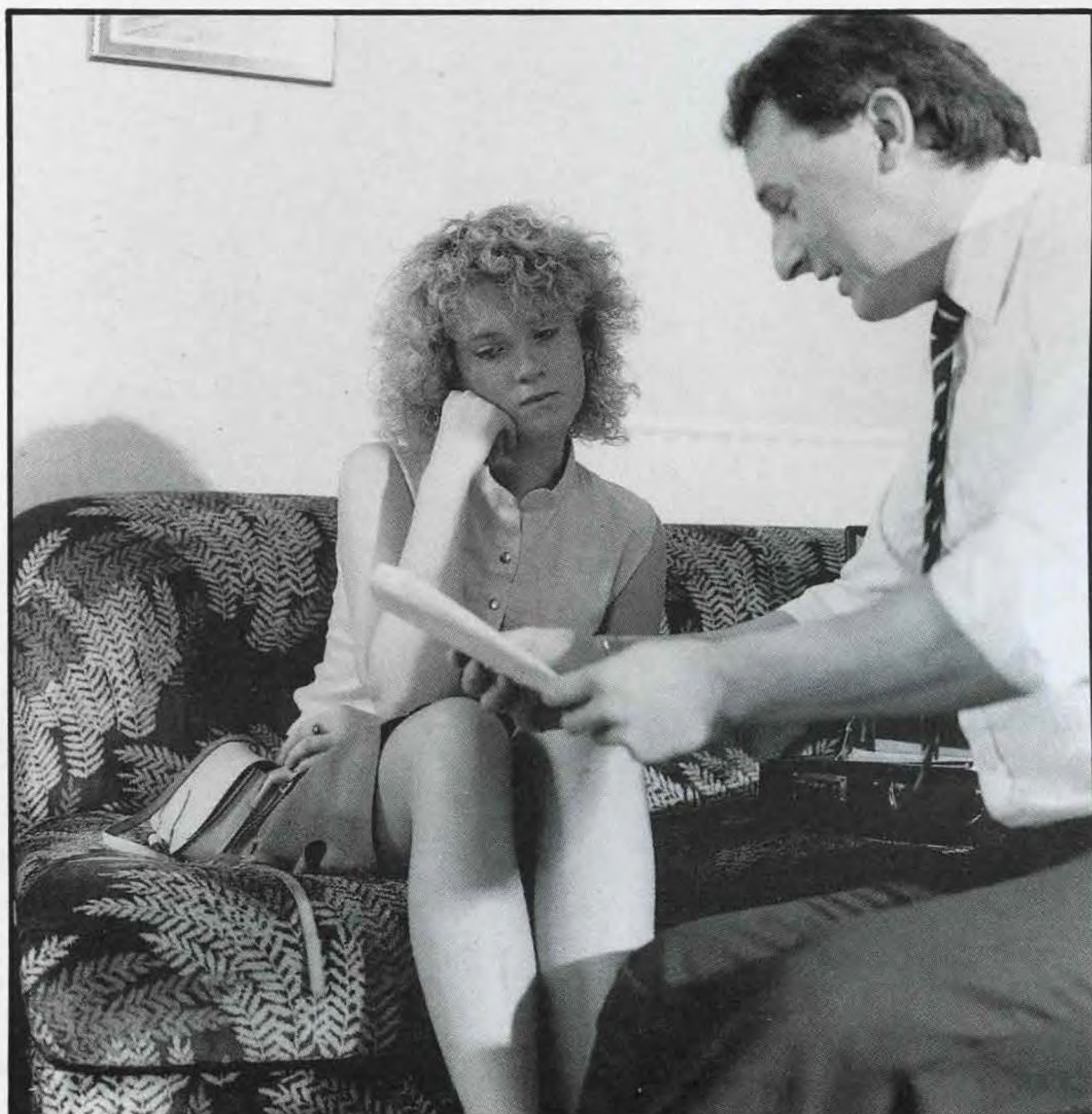
WHO'S NEXT THEN?

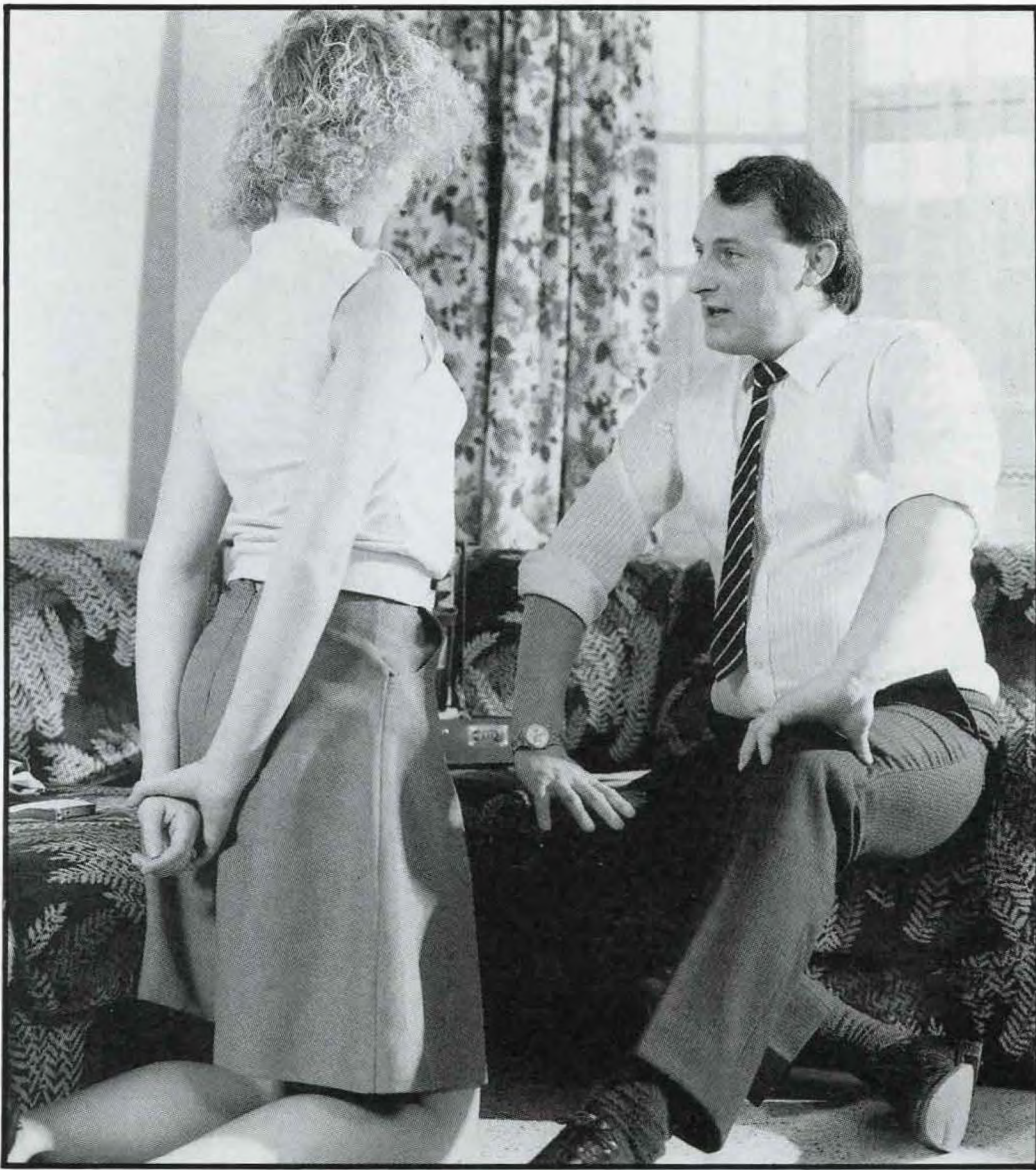


Walking across the canteen floor with her tray Kay had the feeling that every eye was on her. She could feel herself blushing, to her mortification. Bright red — or at least an obvious pink. Kay blushed easily so it wasn't surprising. She forced herself to look straight ahead and act as if she wasn't blushing. The two girls Maureen and Julie were over there and she would sit with them. She didn't know a lot of people here yet, they were mostly just faces. A sea of faces at the moment all staring at her as she clip-clopped across from the counter. Maureen and Julie she knew and one or two others. Mr Elwood...

Mr Elwood.

Would he have told anyone? Some of the other men, his colleagues? She was sure he would have. She could picture them having a good laugh together. 'That new girl, Kay...silly little thing. Well, I said to her...' And then they would have told others so that by now probably everyone knew. All these faces staring at her knew. They were all smiling to themselves. Smirking. Maybe whispering together. 'She's that new girl. And did you hear what Mr Elwood...' Kay made herself keep walking, conscious not only of her pink face but also her bottom. It wasn't pink but it was





equally obvious, perhaps even more so. She had a tight skirt on and it wasn't a small bottom. Kay was conscious of its movement. Jiggling as she walked on her high heels. A nice, shapely bottom Kay's mother told her, and men liked nice, shapely bottoms. Mr Elwood... It had been the target of men's hands before. A sly pinch or a little fondle on the bus. But nothing like what Mr Elwood...

They were all staring at her bottom, her jiggly bottom in the tight skirt. Smiling to themselves. Smiling about Mr Elwood...

Of course they weren't. It was all in Kay's head. That pretty blonde head held firmly up, the big blue eyes looking rather desperately straight ahead, as her shiny black high heels clip-clopped across the room. No doubt they were looking, most of them, a glance of interest at least. She was a very pretty girl and a shapely one. A new face. She had started on Monday, four days ago. In the typing pool, wasn't she. What was her name: Kath or Kay or something? Oh yes she was worth a glance of interest all right. From the other girls, and even more from the men — the younger ones and the older ones too. The pretty face that did look slightly embarrassed. The firm, upright carriage, high breasts with that nice, slightly independent movement



as she walked. And of course the hips and bottom, a nice bit of movement there as well in the tight grey skirt. Good legs in the high heels. Oh yes, an interesting enough sight for male eyes. But they weren't thinking what Kay thought they were thinking.

Because Mr Elwood hadn't spread it around. And if Kay had been sensible she would have realised that he was unlikely to. A man wouldn't want to, what would be the point? It would only cause problems — and possibly queer his pitch for the next time. Because clearly if he had done it once, if this very sweet and pretty new girl had let him do it once, it was more than likely that he would want a second bite. Had Kay thought of that? No, Mr Elwood would not have spread it around. He might have told one or two close colleagues on the quiet but Mr Elwood's colleagues would be other senior men, who like George Elwood himself didn't take lunch in the canteen. So Kay was wrong in suspecting lots of knowing glances. She could have saved her blushes. Except that there were admiring glances at her bottom. Which as she progressed across the floor towards Maureen and Julie was swaying, and also jiggling a bit, in a most attractive manner. It was Kay's bottom of course that had attracted Mr Elwood. That and her pretty face and general air of inexperience and innocence.

You needed these latter qualities if you were going to suggest to a girl that she should let you spank her bottom. You especially needed them if she was going to agree to it.

Maureen and Julie produced welcoming smiles and Kay gratefully sat down with them. Her ordeal was over. Although the fact that she was no longer on general view didn't mean





that people weren't talking about her. That general buzz of conversation...And Maureen and Julie? Did they know? They were in the typing pool too. Was it all round the typing pool? Had Maureen and Julie perhaps just been laughing about it? Kay glanced at them and then looked down at her tray. A yoghurt and an apple. Her mother said she should eat more at lunchtime, and especially with that subsidised canteen, but Kay although she didn't like to admit it was concerned about her weight. She was sure it would simply go to her hips and bottom. Which were too big and obvious already.

Maureen said, 'Oh God, I've got that big draft for Mr Elwood to finish this afternoon. He's a real slave-driver.'

Kay couldn't look up. Her face was bright red now, she knew. Had Maureen said that deliberately, to get a response? Maybe they wanted her to talk about it. Maybe they wanted to hear all the details. To gloat. 'How could you let him, Kay?'

How could she? Because she had been scared to say No, that was how. Yesterday afternoon. At five. After he had earlier said, 'I'd like to see you at five, Kay. In my office. It won't take long.' No one had actually seen, or she didn't think so, that she had gone to Mr Elwood's office and not gone straight home. As Kay didn't really know anyone else she went home by herself, so no one would notice. In his office Mr Elwood had spoken about her work.

'Rather a lot of errors, Kay. Look, we don't want it to go on your report, that your typing's not up to scratch. I

tell you what we can do...'

She hadn't been able to believe what he was saying at first, or it had to be a joke. But Mr Elwood had come on strong, all authoritarian like a fierce schoolmaster, and Kay who found him a bit scary anyway had simply folded. If he said that was what he thought he should do then she had to accept it. And she had accepted it. She had got over his lap. He had pulled her skirt up, round her waist. And then pulled her knickers down. That had come as an even worse shock because he hadn't actually said he was going to do that. Over his lap with her bottom bare. And Mr Elwood then doing what he said he should do. Spanking it. Hard, stinging smacks. On the cheeks of her bottom and on the bare backs of her thighs.

Those details: was that what Maureen and Julie wanted to hear? Julie was saying, 'I know, he's one of the worst alright.' Then, 'Have you had much to do for him yet, Kay?'

What did Julie want her to say? The details, about yesterday? Kay glanced up, then down again. Shaking her head, she mumbled No. Which was true, she hadn't had a lot. But enough for him to...

The other two didn't pursue the subject of Mr Elwood. Perhaps they could see Kay was not going to rise to the bait. Instead they started talking about boys. Boyfriends. This wasn't much help to Kay who didn't have a boyfriend, in spite of being so attractive. She wasn't sure whether this bothered her or not. Sometimes she saw boys who looked nice but how did you get to know them? The couple of boys



she had gone out with had not made her keen to repeat the experience. They had both been the same, interested only in grabbing. Grabbing at her tits, grabbing up under her skirt. And when she had objected to this they had both got annoyed. But all the same if she had a boyfriend she would have been able to join in with Maureen and Julie. Instead of having to sit there dumb, and embarrassed looking.

Kay thought afterwards that maybe she wouldn't go to the canteen at lunch time. But if she didn't where would she go? Back in the office the supervisor gave her some work to do and Kay got on with it enthusiastically, grateful to have something else to think about. It wasn't for Mr Elwood thank goodness. She had not actually seen him since yesterday. Not since tearfully pulling up her knickers over her hot bottom and, still tearfully, creeping out of his office like a distraught little mouse. The man at the front door had probably seen she had just been crying. He hadn't said anything, though, just given her a smile — and then patted her bottom as she went out. He had probably guessed.

The afternoon went more or less like the other afternoons. Being kept busy and everyone else busy but finding time for a joky remark now and then. Actually if she was honest Kay had to admit that there didn't seem to be any undercurrent. No little jibes that meant: We know what Mr Elwood did yesterday. Perhaps she was imagining it and it wasn't general knowledge. Kay began to cheer up just a bit. Perhaps it would be kept a secret. It had happened and it had been really dreadful, but if no one else knew about it it wouldn't be quite the end of the world. That was what she had begun to think. And then...

At about 4 o'clock, when she had slipped out to go to the bathroom. Coming back, a man in the corridor stopped her. In his forties perhaps, about the same age as dreadful Mr





Elwood.

'Oh hello,' he said. 'Kay, is it, the new girl in the pool? I'm Arthur Minfield.'

Kay hadn't met him before but it was the name she had done some typing for. She gave a nervous smile. She couldn't help thinking about Mr Elwood of course. And even more when Mr Minfield went on:

'Look, there was something I wanted to discuss with you. There's no time now but are you free this evening? It doesn't have to take long.'

That last bit was almost exactly what Mr Elwood had said. Kay should have answered that she was busy, had a date or something. But she was a rather guileless young person whose first impulse was to speak the truth. 'Oh good,' Mr Minfield said. 'I'll pick you up then and we can go round my place. Seven o'clock be OK?'

Well, there was no way she could not think about Mr Elwood and yesterday. He was going to make some complaint about her work. And then...how could she get out of it? Tell the supervisor? No, you couldn't do that, she would just smile, shrug her shoulders. There was no way Kay could get out of it. She had agreed to what Mr Minfield had said, or hadn't disagreed. She had no choice. She told her mother she had some extra work at the office. Her mother smiled. 'Overtime, dear? You'll be earning more than your father!'

In Mr Minfield's car to his flat. Kay had been telling herself, desperately, that it couldn't be the same. Not the same as yesterday. Mr Minfield didn't say anything much in the car, just asking how she liked her new job. But as soon as they were there, up the lift and into his plush flat: 'Look, my dear... This draft you typed. And this letter...'

He was pointing out mistakes. There weren't very many, and she had been told to get the draft done in a hurry. But Mr Minfield was making a big thing of the mistakes, and then...he was going on to say the same things as Mr Elwood. About not wanting to give her a bad report; but there was another way...

'No!' she yelped. Which was more than Kay had actually said to Mr Elwood. With him she hadn't got further than shaking her head in disbelief. She shook her head again now. 'No! You can't! Not that.'

Mr Minfield smiled. 'Don't be silly, it's nothing really. And you did let Mr Elwood do it. Would you like that fact spread around? Would you like everyone to know about that?'

Kay felt tears come to her eyes. If she had been standing she would have had difficulty remaining upright for she was suddenly shaking all over, but she was sitting on Mr Minfield's sofa. He couldn't. He couldn't do this.

'Come on, I know we're going to be sensible. It won't take long, and it's just between the two of us. No one's going to be told. Come on here.'

She didn't have any choice. If no one else had been told then she had to keep it that way. Kay got up, wiping at her eyes. Her heart was just thumping. She bent down, over Mr Minfield's lap. He was lifting up her feet, to hook them on the seat of the sofa. Then grabbing her arm behind her back so she couldn't struggle. Her skirt, a full one this evening, was being yanked up and then her brief knickers pulled down. Kay's ripe bottom, that object of admiration in the company canteen, now bare, enticingly framed by suspender belt, lowered knickers, nylon tops. She gave a despairing wail as Mr Minfield's hand began to fondle. And then...

SMACK!...SMACK!...SMACK!...

In a secluded corner of the 'Rose and Thistle' three men in business suits sit with drinks in front of them. One who is called George grins across at one who is called Arthur.

'How did it go then?'

Arthur grins back. 'Not bad. Not bad at all. Most choice I would say.'

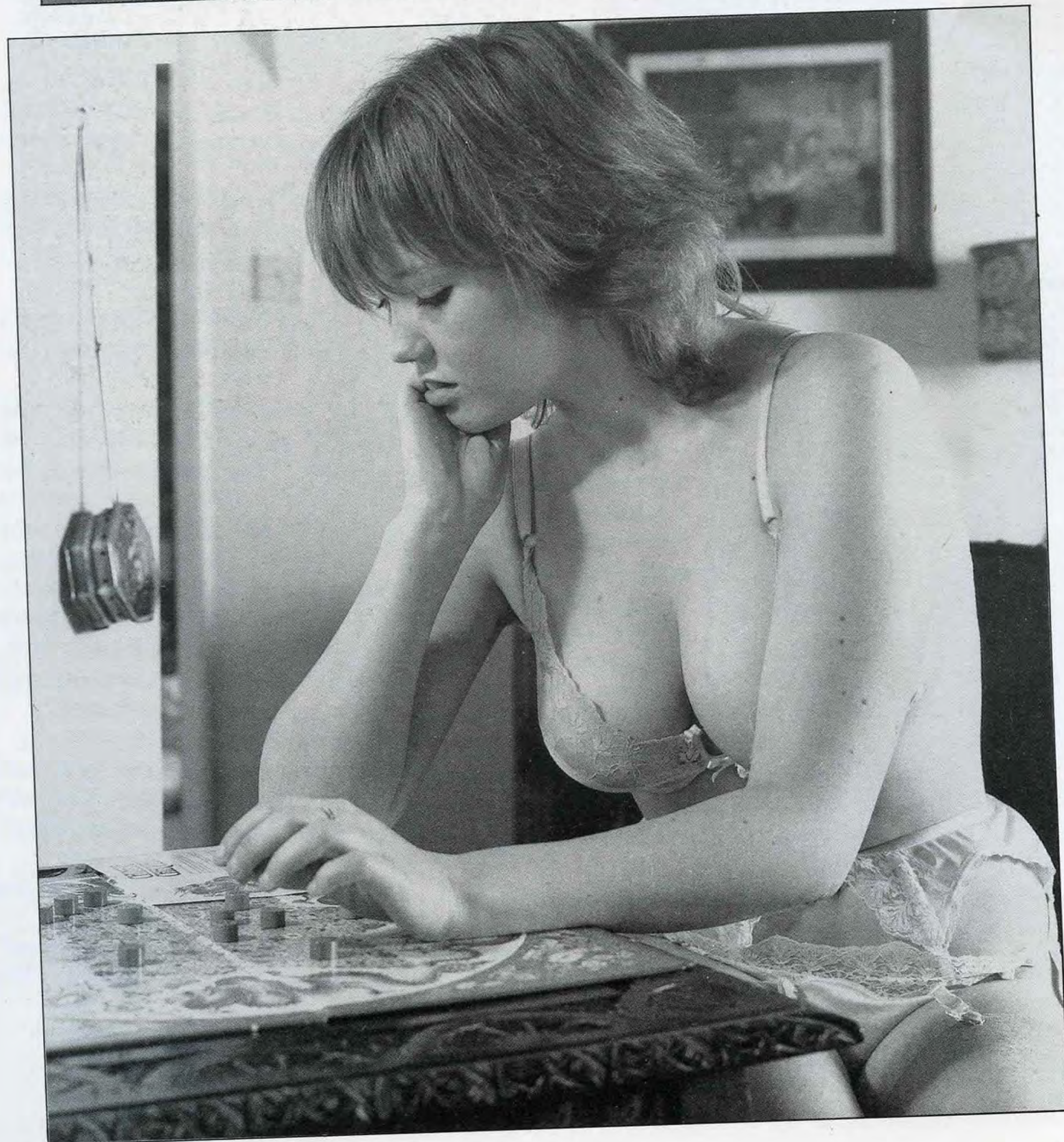
George takes an appreciative swallow. 'Who's next then?'

'Me!' says the third man, called Stanley, eagerly. 'I'm next.'

'Yes,' says George. 'Well it's you or Bill.'

'Don't forget Roger,' says Arthur. 'He wants in.'

'Yes, but they're all after me,' insists Stanley.



An unusual custom you might say. Perhaps. Though not unique. Forms of trial marriage have been practised from time to time in various cultures. For instance in parts of medieval Europe, and also certain Esquimo groups are known to have engaged in such customs. It has tended to be found in situations where the land or the elements are harsh and it is consequently a struggle to make a living. In these conditions a man needs to be sure that he has a willing and amenable help-mate. Harsh would certainly be a true description of the Kelpen Islands in the Western Hebrides: battered by gales for many months of the year and formed of inhospitable granite rock. Yes, a man here might well decide that he wanted to be fully sure of what he was getting before signing his life away. And the Kelpeners were in any case a notably independent and individualist breed. So is it any wonder then?

They did not call it trial marriage. No. Not only were they independent and individualistic, they tended to be puritanical as well. That is you may be doing something but you pretend you are not, and you call it something else. 'Living in' it was called. A girl came to 'live in' with a Kelpen crofter. If all went well, if she proved to be all he expected during the long winter months, then their vows would be heard in the little stone church when summer briefly returned. If not, well, he would in all likelihood be advertising again for a girl to 'live in.'

Hugh McAirdley was not a Kelpener. That is to say not one born and bred. He had gone to live on Little Kelpen after achieving some success with his writing, for he was an author of adventure stories. He bought an isolated plot with a typical Kelpen stone cottage — except that Hugh McAirdley's cottage was somewhat more luxuriantly furnished than the average and also boasted central heating. Why do without creature comforts when it is unnecessary? He liked Little Kelpen because of the marvellous solitude it afforded — so conducive to writing, he found. The lonely communion with elemental nature. However a man didn't need to go overboard about it. And therefore why not follow that somewhat unusual local custom. And place an advertisement in the paper.

Girl required to live in. The usual Kelpen advertisement. The paper had a wide coverage over the mainland. And no one, or hardly anyone, thought the advertisements strange. Men of Kelpen had always done it, or as long as anyone could remember. There were always plenty of replies. Kelpeners had their own property and made a living. They were not penniless or on the dole. And many a girl might fancy a life on one of those rugged but at times beautiful islands.

'Please enclose recent photo,' Hugh McAirdley's ad requested. In a follow-



up letter he asked for *'full details about yourself.'* And not being a man to beat about the bush also *'your measurements: height, bust, hips, etc.'*

His choice came on the boat on a lovely June day, a clear pale blue sky with hardly a breath of wind. The Kelpens could be like this, for a few short weeks in the summer. Moira Mitchell, petite, red-haired, apple-cheeked; just turned 18 and looking hardly that. A truly lovely girl, a fit companion to this rare Kelpen day. Hugh McAirdley's eyes widened, in anticipation. She was even more attractive than the photo. The measurements quoted had been 35, 22, 35 on a 5'5" frame. He could well believe those 35s in this trim pink suit as she stepped ashore. Oh yes. Mr McAirdley felt quite overcome.

And Moira, what did she see? A

tweed-suited man in his late forties perhaps. Tall, glasses, a trimmed beard. She knew something about him. He was not a native Kelpener for one thing. And he wrote books. Therefore he had more money. Maybe quite a lot according to Moira's mother. 'What an opportunity,' she had said. 'You had better make sure he likes you.' But why shouldn't this Mr McAirdley like Moira. She was a lovely girl and a sensible one. She knew what 'living in' meant on the Kelpens, Mrs Mitchell had made sure of that. Moira had blushed. 'Do exactly what he wants.'

But what did Hugh McAirdley want? He was a man of the world to some extent. Writing those books he had travelled around a bit, and a man travelling around can at times pick up what some might regard as rather exotic tastes. For one thing behind the sideboard in Hugh's

living room there was a long, thin, whippy cane.

What was a sweet young girl going to make of this? A girl who certainly had never experienced the impact of such an implement across her soft and tender rear — or for that matter any other part of her anatomy. What would she think if she knew that there only feet away, as she sat with Mr Airdley over an introductory cup of tea, was that object which has in the past been so widely used in matters of domestic discipline. We need not doubt that here on the Kelpens the cane had been very freely used, in earlier times, on live-in girls, prospective wives. And also after their becoming fully fledged spouses. But no longer. Certainly not. Not now in the 1980s.

Except seemingly here. Mr McAirdley's little house. For Hugh



McAirdley in his travels has on more than one occasion been privileged to observe, and with keen interest, the cane being put to effective use on the domestic scene. In Germany, the Rhineland, he has watched a farmer vigorously putting a rattan across the seat of his sturdy wife's knickers. And in Italy, Calabria, a gentleman meting out the same treatment to his daughter's bare and unknickered bottom. On each of these occasions Hugh McAirdley experienced a strong stirring, and at the same time a feeling of the essential rightness of what he was witnessing. This surely was what should happen. The archetypal submitting (not necessarily very willingly) female. Yes. And when he was ready to sample domesticity himself...

Moira was his first live-in girl. Though when he came to cane her she would not in fact be the first young female he had ever caned. No, he had had some experience, in his travels. And that surely was all to the good as far as young Moira was concerned. One would hate to think she was going to be dealt with by an inexperienced man, a tyro. Caning requires skill. An over-enthusiastic beginner can inflict damage.

Not that Moira, sipping her tea, had any idea she was going to be caned, by either beginner or expert. She couldn't see the cane and she couldn't see into Mr McAirdley's mind. It was true he was looking at her in a certain way. But that Moira was perhaps expecting. Something of that sort. She knew, she understood. She had known even without her mother making it crystal clear. What living in meant. What Mr McAirdley would probably want. Would he want it tonight? Her very first night here?

Moira shivered.

She must anyway stop thinking of him as Mr McAirdley. He was Hugh. The trouble was that Mr McAirdley — Hugh — looked a lot like the rector back home. You couldn't call the rector by his first name — and also you couldn't contemplate getting into bed with him.

Would she like to go out for a look around? Hugh McAirdley asked.

It was still looking idyllic: the stone cottage nestling in a fold of the green hills under the wide blue sky, and beyond the deeper blue mill-pond sea. Mr McAirdley's arm came round her waist. 'It's not always like this of course. You're seeing it at its best, my dear.' A pause. 'Well what d'you think?'

What did she think? About this delightful spot or that fact that the hand had slid down and was now holding one trembling cheek of Moira's bottom. Mr McAirdley didn't really seem to need an answer. He was too engaged with that splendid bottom. Anticipating no doubt...

'Tell me about school,' he said. 'The, uh, disciplinary side. What was that like?'

Not knowing what Mr McAirdley was





getting at and with her mind inevitably distracted by the overly friendly hand, Moira took some time to get on the right track, to realise what he wanted to know. Eventually he spelled it out. Oh. Oh no. Nothing like that.

And not from, ah, her father for instance? Or anyone else?

No. No. Why was he asking...? And that hand. Although conscious of what her relationship with Mr McAirdley — Hugh — was presumably going to be, the

hand and what it was doing was unsettling. Moira wasn't used to that sort of thing. She was generally inexperienced. A strict upbringing. Sex lessons at school of course, so she knew about that. But no actual experience. Maybe perhaps, she wondered, she should have. Then she wouldn't be feeling so nervous.

They went back inside. Mr McAirdley seemed a little excited. Perhaps it was playing with Moira's bottom, and also gazing at the swell of her suit jacket: that

other 35 inch statistic. And there was of course what was waiting behind the sideboard. He said he would show her the rest of the house, and then perhaps they could play a little game. Did she play Chinese Checkers? Moira shook her head. 'Oh, it's a very good game. And it can be made even more intriguing with special rules.'

There were two bedrooms. Moira had been watching about the bedrooms. So at least...hers was a lovely little room,



all pink and white. She looked round with pleasure at Mr McAirdley. 'Matches your suit,' he observed. 'Now would you like to change. Have you got anything in yellow? That matches these things.'

A parcel tied with yellow ribbon. She opened it. Yellow. A set of underwear in buttercup yellow. Bra, suspender belt, knickers. A very sexy outfit. Moira blushed. There was a pair of beige nylons as well.

Hugh McAirdley smiled, his face pinkish. 'Put them on. It's a welcome present.'

Was he going to...? No, he was going out, and closing the door. Moira felt relieved. If Mr McAirdley had wanted to watch her get undressed she presumably couldn't refuse. But she preferred that he wasn't. Although she was going to have to learn not to be shy. It was a very sexy outfit, she had had nothing like it before. She got undressed.

Hugh McAirdley watched. Through a little spy-hole from his room. Not that he was really a spying sort of chap but he did want to see. Naturally. And so soon, a mere half hour after getting off the boat, it might well embarrass her to undress in front of him. A nice, sympathetic thought. Although in a few minutes, downstairs. The Chinese Checkers game. He watched. With mounting excitement. Oh dear. That bottom! The Calabrian girl's could not compare, and neither could any of the others that Hugh McAirdley had subsequently experienced. Mouthwatering. And in his choice underwear, a recent London purchase. Oh my word!

Moira came out, a little flushed, in white blouse and mustard yellow skirt. The knowledge that Mr McAirdley knew what was underneath made her feel funny. The same sort of funny as having his hand playing with her bottom. She forced a nervous smile.

Downstairs in the cosy sitting room Mr McAirdley got out the Chinese Checkers. He said something about how it was played and there were some printed instructions. 'And to add to the interest we will play my special house rules. Special penalties for when you lose.'

What were these rules then? He told her. Moira blinked. Was Mr McAirdley joking? No, he said he wasn't. 'And actually it relates to what we were discussing earlier. That discipline business. I am surprised you haven't had any of it. I feel strongly that a girl should. She should have experience of corporal chastisement and be able to accept it in the proper manner. So incorporating it into the game, as a penalty, has a double benefit. It adds that extra interest and at the same time you will get your disciplinary training.'

It was a lot of serious sounding talk. The gist of it seemed to be that when Moira lost she would have the choice of





either having her bottom spanked or removing an item of clothing. 'The element of choice will probably stop when we are down to your suspender belt, nylons and shoes,' declared Mr McAirdley. 'After that all penalties will be spanks on the bottom. And in any case all spankings will be to the bare bottom.'

Yes, Mr McAirdley made it all crystal clear. What could she say? She was here to do Mr McAirdley's bidding. To be industrious and obedient, as a wife should be. She was here to work for Mr

McAirdley and also to give him pleasure. And he had to be sure that she was the right type, had the right qualities. All of that. So if he wanted her to do this sort of strip-tease then she had to do it. With a willing smile.

'OK?' queried Mr McAirdley. Moira nodded. Nothing had been said of the rules if she won. But she knew she wasn't going to. Mr McAirdley knew how to play, and she didn't. It was as simple as that.

It was as simple as that. Mr McAirdley

won very quickly. An eager look on his face. There wasn't much choice. She was going to be spanked, she could only delay it a little. 'My skirt,' she said.

And after that, 'My blouse.'

So very quickly she was down to Mr McAirdley's saucy undies. Sitting across the table from him in just those skimpy items and an abundance of nubile pale pink flesh on show. 'The next time,' he said, 'it has to be a spanking. We can't have three refusals in a row. That's another of the house rules. Maybe I

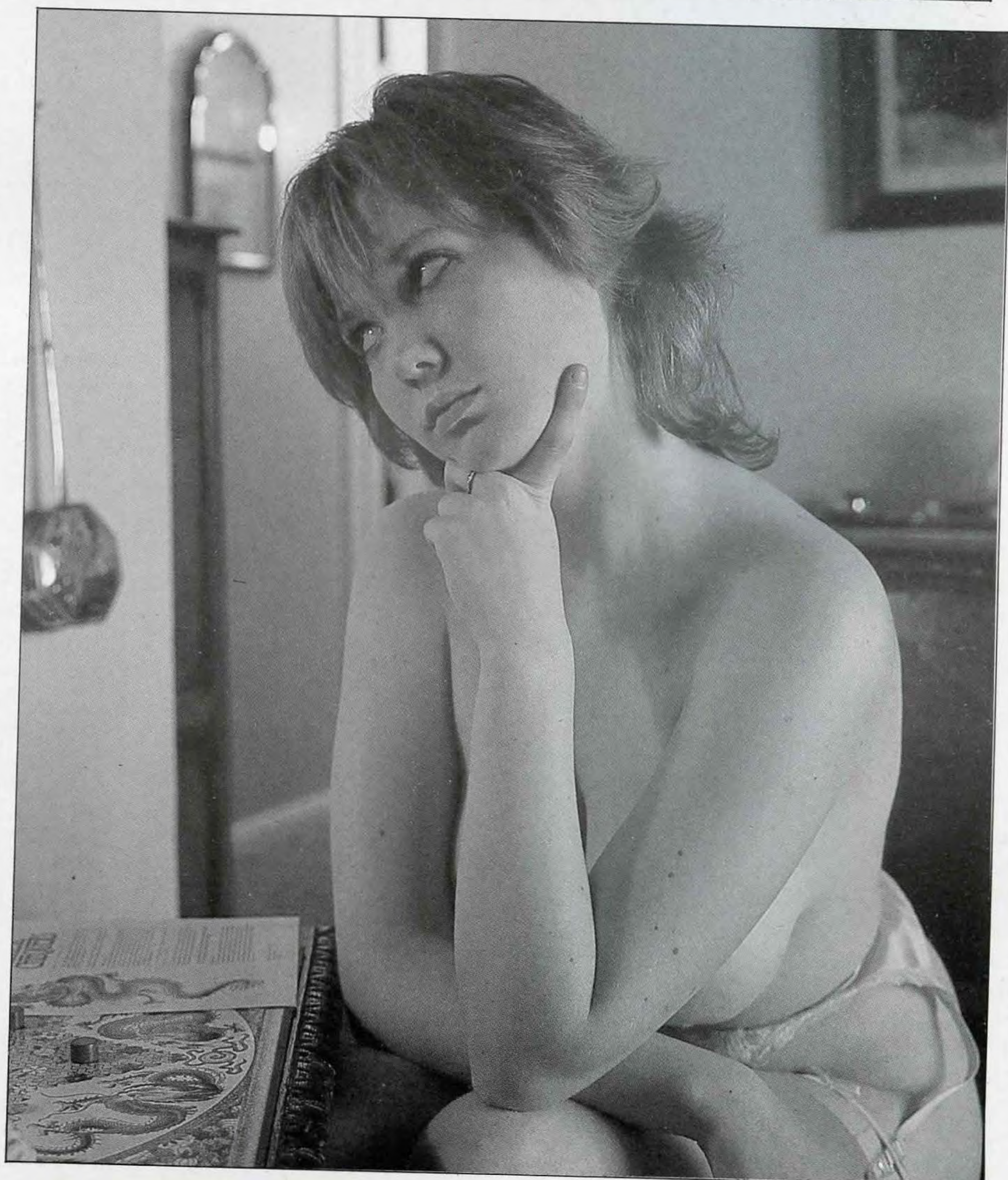


didn't tell you.'

He was simply making the rules up. But why not: it was his game, for his enjoyment. Moira could imagine that if she ever learnt to play the game the rules would change, so that she was still on the receiving end. What was it like, being spanked, she wondered. Painful, if he did it hard. And also...very personal. Very embarrassing, over his lap and with her bare bottom up. The thought made her quiver as she studied her pieces in the vain hope of averting yet another rapid defeat.

Yes. The inevitable. 'Come on then, Moira dear. Over here.' And over his lap. Over those tweed trousers. The skimpy knickers being pulled down. Mr McAirdley holding her firmly with his left hand, so that his right had a nice, stationary target. A ripe, round target; a full plum of a bottom. Lying still and submissive. Because there was no point in struggling and anyway her mother had said...

The hand began splatting down. Causing sharp involuntary 'Ooof's'. It hurt all right. It really stung. It wasn't just a game, this part, Mr McAirdley was really making it hurt. She squealed out 'Please...No...' Hugh McAirdley only gripped her more firmly and continued cracking his hand down. Oh yes indeed! This was what he had been waiting for. This and also naturally certain other pleasures which he would sample in good time. There was his cane for one thing.





And for another, well, there were those other pleasures that a young woman's body is designed to provide. These certainly would be sampled. But first things first. She had to be trained. Every young woman had to be trained. And the first stage of her training...was now taking place.

Hugh McAirdley's hand continued its sterling work until he felt a pleasant sense of mild exhaustion. Then he pulled her upright. 'Good. Now are we ready for another game?'

Play shortly resumed, Moira with her yellow knickers pulled back up over her glowing bottom. When she duly lost the next game Mr McAirdley said she could choose to remove another item, and it would be her bra. Flushing, she took it off. Hugh McAirdley gazed, critical but admiring. They were very nice. 'Lift your arms, my dear. Hands behind your head. That's it. Oh yes.'

Moira's knickers came off in the next round. From Mr McAirdley's rules that meant every further loss brought a spanking. Play continued for quite a while. In fact a long while. Moira's poor bum was really getting the treatment. Round after round of these dreadful Chinese Checkers, with Moira losing every time. Somehow this wasn't at all what she had imagined as she had stood on the deck of that boat watching the island of Little Kelpen getting bigger and bigger.





INTO THE STORM

Lying in the snug little bed under the pink-and-white duvet, looking up at the shadowed white ceiling. Was that rain she could hear against the curtained window? Could it be, after that idyllic day yesterday? Idyllic outside at least. Inside, here in Mr McAirdley's pretty little cottage...No, playing Chinese Checkers according to Mr McAirdley's rules was not idyllic. Moira squirmed under the snug covers. She could still feel it. His hand smacking hard down on her bare bottom. It was probably still red. It had certainly been bright red, like a beacon, when she had looked at it last night. Last night...

Mr McAirdley hadn't come in. She had wondered, half expecting. Well presumably the Chinese Checkers and all that spanking didn't affect that, the other. Her mother had strongly hinted that he might want to. On the first night. And Moira would have to...co-operate. 'It's nothing really, dear. All quite natural. The birds and bees. And people. Nothing to worry about. It...doesn't hurt.'

Yes, she had been expecting that the door would suddenly silently open and then...In spite of anything her mother might say it was very scary, just the thought



A resentful look

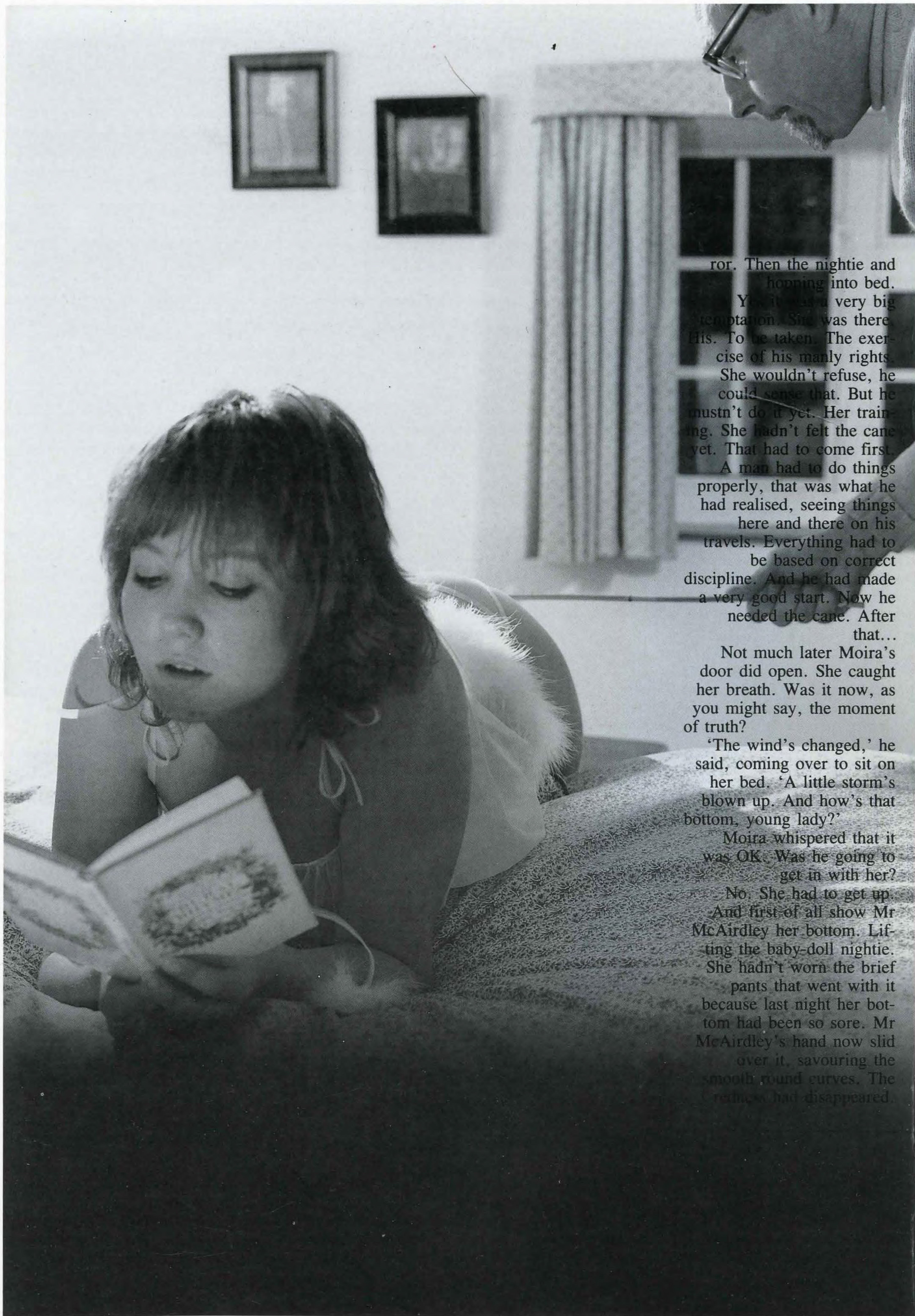
of it. But so far...when Mr McAirdley — Hugh — had finally had enough of his game it had been getting latish. She had been allowed to put her things back on again and then Moira had made some cocoa, after being shown where everything was. And then it had been time for bed. Two separate beds in two separate rooms. He had asked how she had enjoyed the games. There wasn't much you could say to that. A sort of grimace. Mr McAirdley had said he was very pleased with her. And that had been all.

She looked over at the door again. Perhaps now, in the morning. It was still early. Mr McAirdley might prefer the morning. Moira had a friend who had been married six months now. She said her husband always did it in the morning before getting up...

Hugh McAirdley listened to the sound of rain lashing against the windowpane. It had been too good to last, of course, that weather. Two whole sunny days, so there was bound to be rain. He thought of the girl in the next room. It was a big temptation, she was a big temptation. That ripe young body in a sweet white baby-doll nightie under the bed covers. He had watched her get ready for bed. The rueful examination of her glowing bottom in the mir-



Bottom bared



ror. Then the nightie and hopping into bed.

Yes, it was a very big temptation. She was there. His. To be taken. The exercise of his manly rights.

She wouldn't refuse, he could sense that. But he mustn't do it yet. Her training. She hadn't felt the cane yet. That had to come first.

A man had to do things properly, that was what he had realised, seeing things here and there on his travels. Everything had to be based on correct discipline. And he had made a very good start. Now he needed the cane. After that...

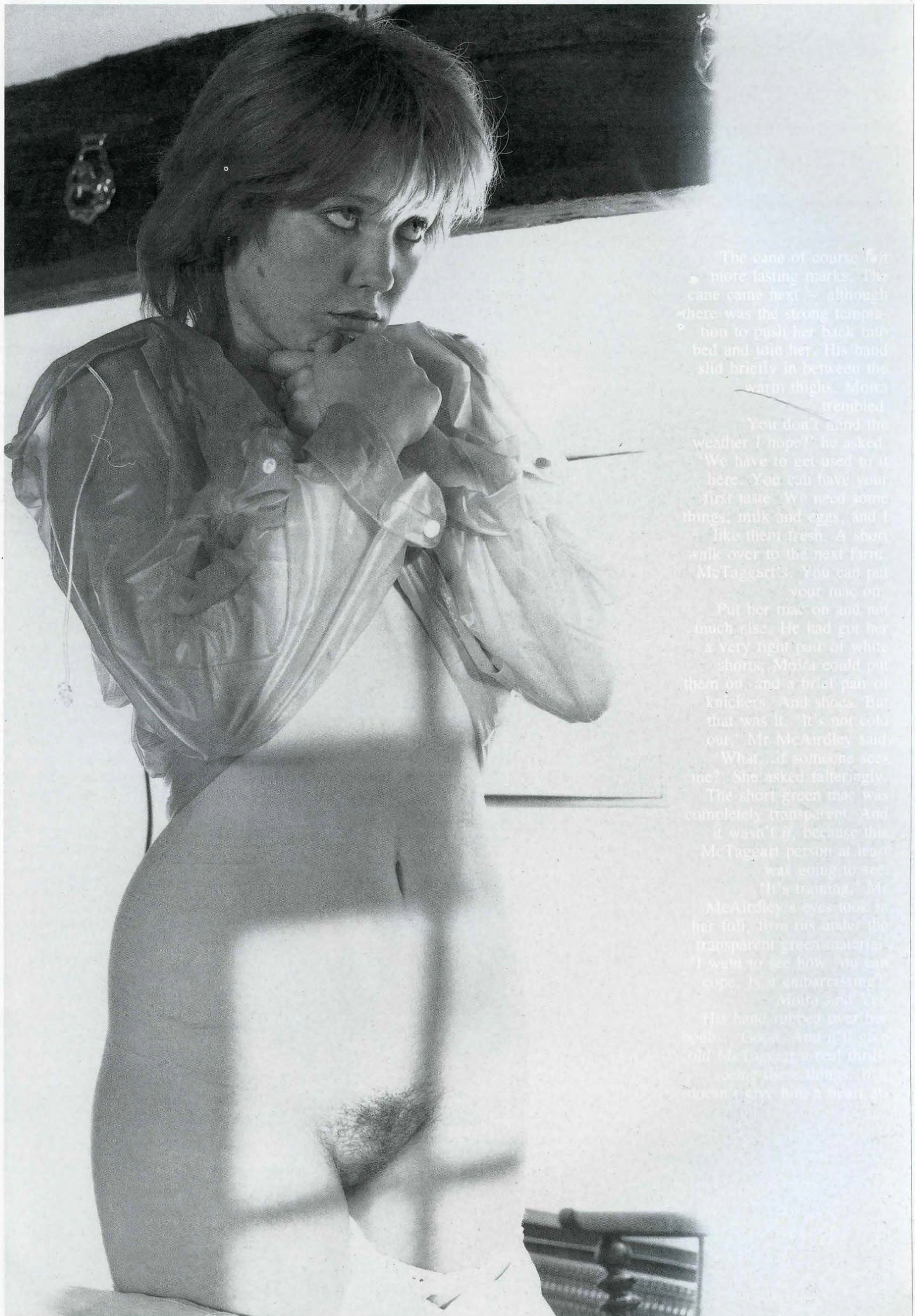
Not much later Moira's door did open. She caught her breath. Was it now, as you might say, the moment of truth?

'The wind's changed,' he said, coming over to sit on her bed. 'A little storm's blown up. And how's that bottom, young lady?'

Moira whispered that it was OK. Was he going to get in with her?

No. She had to get up. And first of all show Mr McAirdley her bottom. Lifting the baby-doll nightie.

She hadn't worn the brief pants that went with it because last night her bottom had been so sore. Mr McAirdley's hand now slid over it, savouring the smooth round curves. The redness had disappeared.



The cane of course left more lasting marks. The cane came next — although there was the strong temptation to push her back into bed and join her. His hand slid briefly in between the warm thighs. Moira trembled.

"You don't mind the weather I hope?" he asked. "We have to get used to it here. You can have your first taste. We need some things, milk and eggs, and I like them fresh. A short walk over to the next farm, McTaggart's. You can put your mac on.

Put her mac on and not much else. He had got her a very tight pair of white shorts. Moira could put them on, and a brief pair of knickers. And shoes. But that was it. "It's not cold out," Mr McAirdley said.

"What...if someone sees me?" She asked falteringly. The short green mac was completely transparent. And it wasn't if, because this McTaggart person at least was going to see.

"It's raining," Mr McAirdley's eyes took in her full, firm rits under the transparent green material. "I want to see how you can cope. Is it embarrassing?"

Moira said "Yes." His hand rubbed over her boobs. "Good. And if I give old McTaggart a real thrashing over these things, he doesn't cry, him a feartful."



tack, that is.' It was really awful out, dark clouds and a hard driving rain. The place was unrecognisable as that picture-postcard place of yesterday. Training. Mr McAirdley had said it was training. More like training for the SAS. And what was going to happen when she got back. More of that spanking that he seemed to keen on? These skin-tight shorts down and more of that business? She put her head down against the rain. She could just about see through the dark and mist.

McTaggart's farm...

He was a thin old man with a beard whose eyes almost popped out of his head when he saw Moira. Standing there like a drowned rat at his door, but a pretty red-haired female rat with the pink nipples of good-sized bare tits sticking against the inside of that see-through mackintosh. Stuart McTaggart could not believe his eyes, but as this apparition out of the storm spoke it must, presumably, be real. Eagerly he invited her in. And naturally invited her to get out of that wet mac. Indeed he was at once helping her off with it.

Fetching a towel.

Moira though grateful for this show of friendliness, could obviously have rubbed herself down with the towel. But Mr McTaggart

'Now then — over the table'

insisted. Perhaps it was an example of Kelpen hospitality. More likely he simply wanted to get his hands on those succulent tits and that was what he was undoubtedly doing. It was more hands than towel. And the shorts? They must be wet too, in



'Come along — right out now'

spite of the mac. They should come off as well. She might catch cold. And in spite of Moira's protestations the shorts did come off. Mr McTaggart, the bit between his teeth as it were, was very keen to get Moira's brief knickers off too. Somehow she managed to prevent that. But as the little knickers only covered a limited area of her round



bottom and her tits of course were quite bare, McTaggart's enthusiastic hands had plenty of scope. What she needed, he told Moira, was a good brisk massage.

Mr McTaggart did his massaging and then made some very strong tea. Looking out at the weather he said that his visitor could not possibly go home until it had improved. He eyes Moira's towel-draped form... and said he thought another massage would be a good idea. Just to make sure she was all right. Moira squealed No, she really had to go. Mr McAirdley would be mad if she didn't. (Well he had sent her out in that weather and no doubt planned for her to come straight back. And in any case...) 'No!' she yelled again. But Mr McTaggart was pulling the towel off. And grabbing greedily at her.

'This time... let's get you up on the table. Lie down. So we can do it properly.'

It might be wondered why, with such evident enthusiasm for nubile female bodies, Stuart McTaggart had not hit on the idea of getting a live-in girl for himself. In fact he had thought of it — and then thought of the cost of keeping a girl. His frugal instincts had won.

Mr McAirdley was angry when Moira finally reappeared. The rain had stopped and the sun was shining brightly into the parlour and it was more than two hours since she had gone off. If she had come straight back the journey would have taken perhaps 30 minutes. Yes, Mr McAirdley was angry, or appeared to be, demanding to know wherever she had been. Moira stuttered out explanations. An edited version, guessing that he would not appreciate all the details of what that awful Mr McTaggart had done.

Even with this version Mr McAirdley was not at all happy. Perhaps he didn't want to be happy. Perhaps he wanted an excuse...

'You need a taste of discipline, my girl. I can see that. I certainly can't have you wandering all over the place and spending half the morning with randy old men. You need something to teach you a lesson.'

And that something was waiting behind his sideboard. That long, thin cane. Moira let out a frightened squeak as he brought it out. That spanking had been awful but a cane... was clearly something else. 'Yes my girl. Get over the table. Let's give that bottom something to think about.'

Was this what she had come here

for? Moira's mother had said nothing of the cane and Moira herself had never dreamt of such a thing. Her mind had been full of that other business, wondering apprehensively what that would be like. Wondering also about the rest, the housework and what life in general was going to be like on Little Kelpen. But mostly wondering what Mr McAirdley was going to want in bed. But now... after that absolutely traumatic experience with Mr McTaggart — who had made it quite clear that he at least would have liked nothing better than to get Moira into bed — after that here was Mr McAirdley with a cane.

Perhaps he was only threatening? It was a warning? No. And he wasn't interested in Moira's pleadings: that it hadn't been her fault, and she wouldn't do it again. If she had known Hugh McAirdley better of course Moira would have realised this. He wanted to cane her. That was why he had sent her out like that. He had guessed McTaggart would be going wild, eyes popping out of his head, probably grabbing Moira. Well that was all right as long as he didn't actually get at her. Fuck her. But it gave a nice little excuse. 'Get over, young lady. Or you'll get a double dose. Is that what you want?'

Bending over the table, her hands clutching at the cloth for dear life. Little whimpering sounds. As Hugh McAirdley pulled up the transparent mac. Her full bottom moulding the skin-tight shorts, made even tighter by their recent wetting. A look of satisfaction on his face. That and excitement. He had been looking forward to this. A practice cut of the cane through the air. And then aimed at the target. Arching up and then down. Gathering speed and momentum. Until its motion was abruptly halted.

'Aaaaioowowhhh!'

Stopped by the taut seat of Moira's shorts. Landing transversely across the two out-thrust cheeks. A hard, solid cut, something a girl was going to feel. Moira breathing noisily out through her nose, fighting not to cry, but the pain was killing. Her bottom desperately writhing.

A second cut. The cane again rising and falling, accelerating down. To once more bite in across the shocked flesh. That strangled yell again, and the writhing. Then a third. And Mr McAirdley's voice:

'We'll have the shorts and knickers down for the rest.'

No! No!! Not with them down! Not

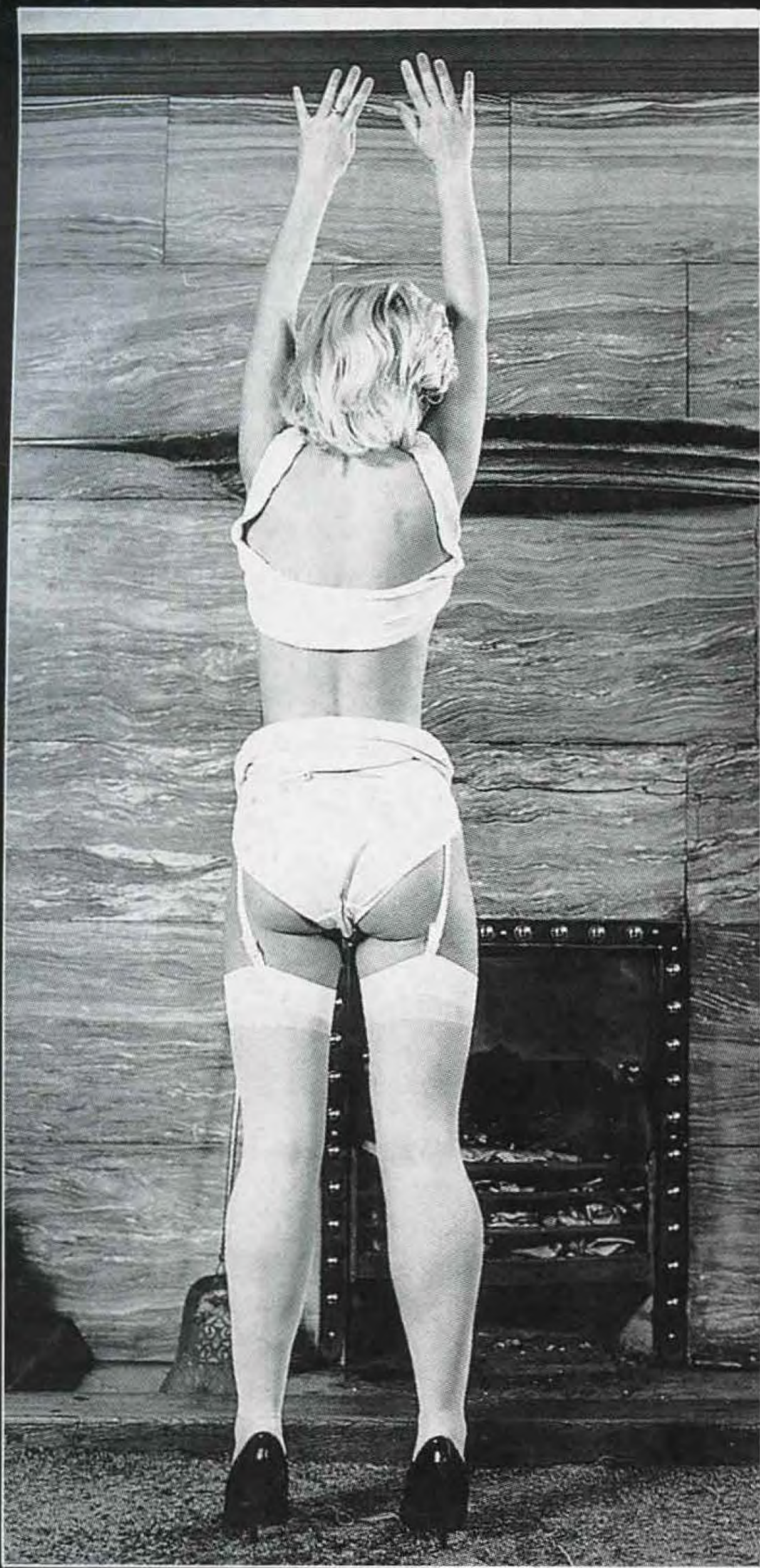
McAirdley could if he wanted to. Moira was here to do his bidding. To be obedient. And she had signed a contract. She had expected to be screwed. But if instead he wanted.... 'No!' she yelped again. But the shorts were being tugged down. And then the knickers.





'Please —' The little word, thin with the tension of nervous anticipation, falls from her lips as she raises her head and darts unhappy glances around the room, seeing the shapes of the seated watchers in the shadow beyond the pool of light in which she is to be made to perform. Her taken-down knickers are settled around the tops of her thighs by fussy fingers. 'Lift up —' She elevates her bare bottom so that her knickers can be pulled down properly under her tummy. 'Now then, keep this bottom up — just as it is.' She has to hollow her back to maintain her bottom's perked-up angle; someone coughs in a stifled sort of way; someone else shuffles his feet. A chair creaks somewhere in the ring of shadow around her and her naked bottom. The first firm spank of many arrives, placed with deliberate aim to connect with the tender underside of the girl's right buttock. Her little squeal is greeted in the shadows by an electric silence, alive with the thrill of expectation about to be satisfied.

JOIN THE DOTS



The visitor is naturally curious. He glances back at the girl in front of the fireplace in the draughty hall as the caretaker pilots him through a double half-glazed door and says, 'Mr Evans' office is the second door on the right, Sir.'

The girl hears the visitor say, 'Thank you' in a cultured voice, and then the caretaker's stare is on her as he comes back across the hallway. His pink, podgy face thrusts itself close to hers; he looks straight into her eyes from twelve inches away as he slides his hands from her waist up her ribs, pushing her top up until one tit, then the other, bounces out underneath. The girl blushes and nips at her lip, then squeaks plaintively as her nipples are tweaked in turn between finger and thumb.





'I dare say he'll deal with you when 'is visitor's gone, Miss. 'Til then you'll just 'ave to wait, won't you?'

A fat finger strokes between her thighs, then a gentle nudge makes her pirouette on the spot. A solid, smarting spank smacks across her knickers.

'Then you'll get what for, won't you, Miss Eh?'

'Ooooh! Please Mr Markham — don't please!' But a second spank cracks across her bum and she swings round again, eyes wide and pleading. 'D-don't —'

The caretaker ambles off across the hall and then down the corridor towards the east wing. 'Don't go away, will you,' he says, over his shoulder, and laughs.

The girl stays put, her arms above her head as on other occasions, not daring to move, knowing that she is going to be 'dealt with' before long, thinking of Mr Evan's cane across her bottom, pouting resentfully and looking warily in the direction of the half-glazed doors every few moments. Then, from the other direction comes the sound of the caretaker's returning footsteps.



'Still here?' Again the mocking laugh. His hands are at the waist again, fingers slipping under the elastic of her knickers. 'I dare say he'll want these down, won't he, Miss.' Her knickers are slithered down; she feels the caretaker's hot breath on her bare belly as he squats in front of her, arranging her knickers just above her knees. Again there is the intrusion of a fat digit between her close-pressed thighs.

The caretaker goes through the double doors, and then there is the sound of voices. Mr Evans, followed by the visitor and Mr Markham, comes across the hall. The girl turns away, hiding her tits and her pubes, arms still above her head. Her plump bottom trembles faintly as she remains in her humiliating posture. The three men disappear down the corridor towards the east wing.



THE CONFIDENCE TRICK





I never know in advance if it will be my lover, the Master, who comes to me, or another sent by him. Tonight, at the Meeting, he was kind and smiling, so I am led to hope it will be him. But all I can do is wait and hope, for I must do his bidding, whether I wish it or not.

So it is decreed, for I am his.

It is the third hour of the morning, and I can tell from the silence that has fallen on this great house that the Meeting is over, the Brothers and Sisters gone home or retired to their rooms to pursue the unceasing search. My Master is my one and only lover, and I am his to command as he desires. Through my Vow of Obedience, I have taken many others in his place, but they

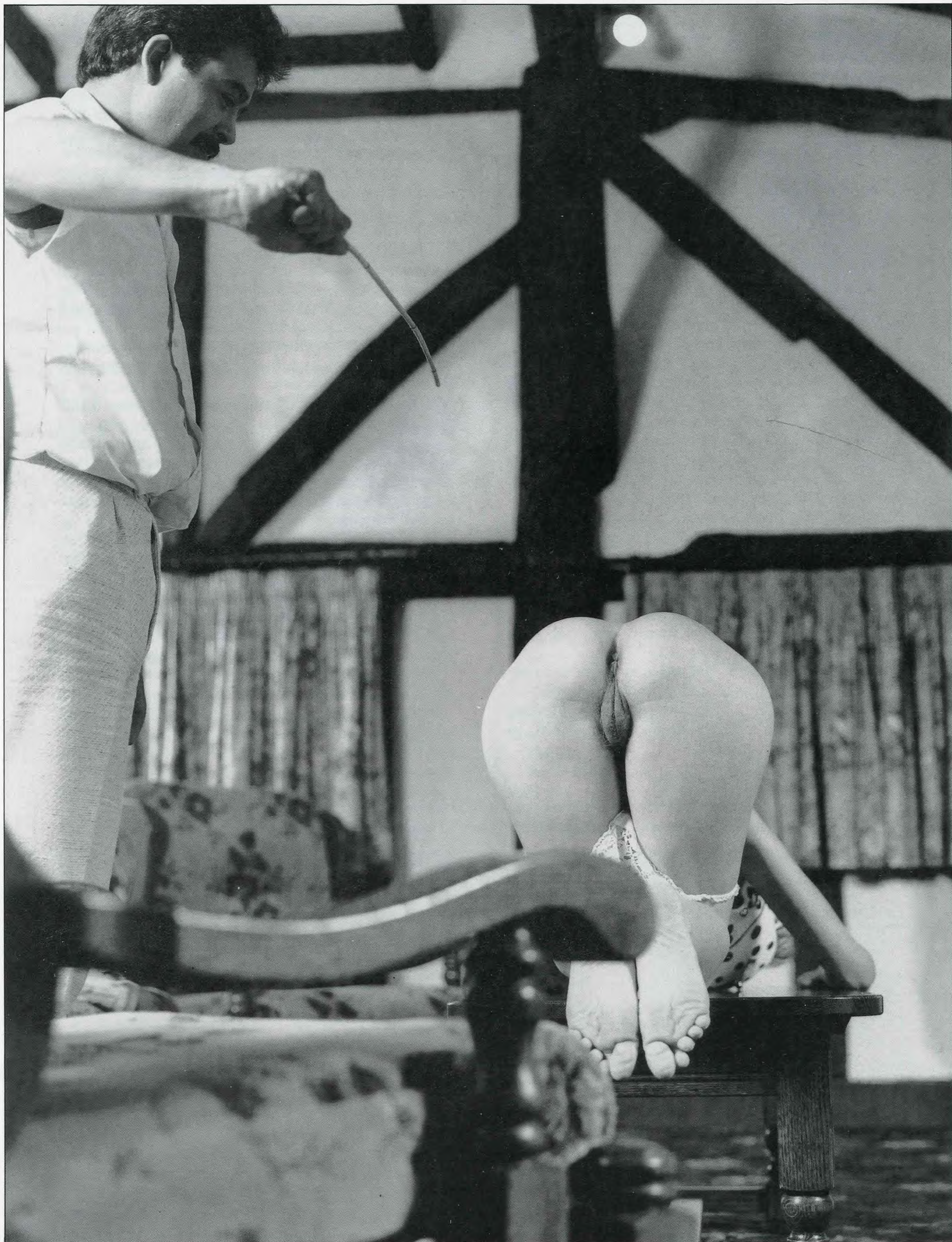
have all been him, a succession of faces and bodies and grasping hands, all him beneath the flesh, all him!

This great room echoes with silence, resonances of the past almost audible as I stand and wait for the door to open on my lover. My legs ache, the legs he tells me are my glory, and yet he forbids me to wear shoes,

lest I become too proud. He is infinitely strong and wise, he sees into my soul and knows all there is of me, so he knows I am his — utterly. He has tested me, through pain and passion, and I have never failed him. I will never fail him.

In the silent, haunted hours of the night the girl





stands, awaiting her lover, a solitary vulnerable figure reduced to insignificance by the sweeping dimensions of a huge stone fireplace. The only light in the room comes from concealed lamps set into the sides of the fireplace, and from the single glowing bar of an electric fire in the place where once, long ago, the great

log fires roared.

That fire and the blind eye of a television set are the only anachronisms in a scene that otherwise belongs in another century. The white walls and ceiling are roughly plastered, black supporting beams picked out in stark relief, the windows small and close-curtained,

the wood-block floor only partially carpeted. The only furnishings are a single chair and a low wooden table placed centrally in front of the fire — a sacrificial slab awaiting its victim.

The girl is of any time, a creature of fantasy, slim and proud, weary in her near-nakedness. Her skin gleams translucent white, her only garments are the briefest of underclothes, brassiere and knickers. Her breasts are firm and high under their vestigial covering, the flare of her hips and the long slim legs hold promise for the man who takes possession of her. Her feet are bare, her hair natural blonde, and the upper half of her face is completely hidden by a Halloween mask. Only her generous mouth and a firm chin can be seen, and the question is inescapable — can she be as beautiful as they suggest?

She has been waiting for hours, standing cruciform as she was bidden in the gaping maw of the fireplace, her legs smarting from the sullen glow of the fire, but she dare not move, for if he finds her in any position other than the one he commanded, her punishment will be swift and painful. But by far the greater pain would lie in knowing that she had failed him.

The echoing silence is shattered by the sound of a door opening; the swift dart of her eyes behind the mask is the only sign that she has heard it, but the rise and fall of her breasts quickens.

Approaching with measured footsteps, the man stands before her, a man of medium height with a cruel moustache and skin that in daylight would show a healthy tan. But this is not a daylight place. He is a mission of the night, and in the darkest hours of the night he has come to her, to do the Master's bidding.

'He has sent me,' he says simply, gesturing wide with his arms, 'and so I am here.'

'He will come later?' Her voice is warm and promising, the hint of hope deliberately suppressed.

'I think not. There is much to be done. The Meeting is ended, but there is the initiation of the new girl, so he sent me, and I am here.'

'And your wishes?'

'We begin as he would wish.'

The girl slowly nods acquiescence, then assumes the first position, legs spread, arms wide apart above her

head, fingertips touching the wooden beam above the fireplace. The pose accentuates the proud thrust of her breasts, and she can see from the man's eyes that she has done well.

'He would be gratified. You have learned to do all things as he would wish.'

'It is my destiny,' she replies gravely. 'I am his property. I belong to him, therefore his wish is my wish.'

The man moves closer to her, and their faces are level, for she is as tall as he. Their eyes lock, and he reaches towards her, touching the grotesque mask.

'He said you may remove this, if you wish it.'

'Does he wish it?' Her voice is strangely hesitant.

'He did not say.'

'Do you wish it?'

'I do not mind.' And his hands grasp the firm young breasts through their flimsy covering. 'But these and all else we will see later.'

'Then I will keep the mask on, for it is a lesson we all must learn, that the face is but one of many things by which we are known.'

'It is one of his teachings,' the man agrees. 'And now, the second position.'

She turns her back to him, assuming the cruciform position again, allowing herself a momentary feeling of gratitude that the backs of her legs are free at last from the heat of the fire, and that she can still shelter behind the mask.

Now the man's hands are upon her, first stroking the smooth planes of her back, then exploring under the brief panties to judge her suitability for her role.

'It is good,' he declares solemnly. 'You are well-fleshed, you are comely — a suitable disciple.'

Without the Master, I am nothing. Whatever I am, it is as he has made me.'

'The world believes that beauty lies in the face, but we know otherwise, do we not?'

Her voice comes from deep within her, her legs straddle the hand that is probing now, feeling her open like a flower. 'My beauty lies in the diadem of my passion, and my only salvation lies in pain and in submission, through which all things are possible, with the help and guidance of the Master.'

'Through whom all things are possible.' His voice



is almost a chant, and she echoes him.

'Through whom all things are possible.'

His tone roughens: 'Resume the first position.'

And the girl turns, adopting once again the pose she has held uncomplaining for three hours before he entered the room.

'I have not seen you before. Am I to know your status within the organisation?' she asks timorously.

'You are to know nothing that is not for you to know!' His voice, still calm, is like a whiplash, and instantly she regrets the question.

'You are right, of course, and I am in error.'

'Perhaps you need further instruction.'

'In my pain and in my submission to the Master lie my only salvation, the only true way.'

'You have not forgotten, then, after all. That is good. Because' — his hand darts between her thighs, driving fingers up and into delicate tissue, impalling her on shards of excitement — 'If you do forget, you know you must receive correction of the tenth magnitude, do you not?'

The very mention of tenth magnitude correction acts like a douche of cold water, straightening her back and widening the blue eyes behind the mask. She has seen it imposed only once, for it is carried out in full open concourse, as is all major correction, and she can still see the face of the girl who received it as they took her away.

'I will not forget,' is her response.

'That is good.'

He hooks his fingers into the front of her knickers, pulling her towards him and guiding her to the bare wooden table. 'And now, we will begin to follow the Master's teachings. First' — and here his voice becomes almost a chant again — 'You must purify me, so that I may pursue the Master's teachings without taint of personal need.'

She says nothing like a somnambulist she sinks to her knees before him, her knees bruising on the floor as her hand fumbles at his zip.

His hand is hooked into her hair, his whole being imposed on her as she opens herself to the Master's way.

His voice breaks the spell. 'And now, to the Master's work!'

Exalted in mind and body, she prepares to do his bidding, wholly subjugated and therefore whole.

'The table.' His voice comes from some distant shore where pain is salvation and all else is nothing.

'You will place yourself on the table, and I will do my duty, and so together we will submit to the Master's wish.'

'We will submit.'

And she climbs on the table and kneels, female form lending itself willingly to the limitless distortions of the human psyche. The filmy covering of her knickers is stretched taut, the curves of her buttocks displayed to perfection.

An instant before the ritual begins, she senses the first movement of his chastening hand, and then it descends, and all thought and sensation are obliterated as the first lusty blow descends.

If only it could have been him!! But the thought dies as she becomes involved in the rapidly developing crescendo as his hand rises and falls with metronomic precision in submission to the Master's wish. Her cheeks smart, then burn, then glow all over as her cries echo off the blank walls. Then comes brief surcease, and she welcomes his touch as his hands remove her knickers. Her back arches to assist him to reveal moist nakedness, and she whimpers her pain and excitement.

'Resume the first position!' His voice reaches her through a haze. She is wet, and gasping with unfulfilled

desire.

She does his bidding, hobbling across the room with her knickers at her knees, her whole body quivering and aflame.

He stands facing her across the table. 'You asked my status within the organisation.'

'Y...yes...' Her mind whirls. Does she want more? Should she deliberately say the wrong thing, in order to enrage him, to somehow bring himself to the ultimate? But there is no need for decision.

'I am a Prince of Pain,' he tells her.

Her eyes widen behind the mask: 'Prince of Pain!'

'Indeed.'

'Do you know what that means, child?' His voice is quiet, the tone of complete authority.

'It means...' She hesitates, then plunges on, emboldened by passion, 'It means you can cane me, I think...'

'Quite so.'

'B...but I have asked for this privilege before, and it has been denied me.'

'Now I am sent — do you question the Master?'

'Never!'

An exultation flares within her. She has always desired this, to test herself in the crucible of the ritual caning, to be one with the Master.

'So finally he thinks me worthy,' she says humbly.

'He has commanded it so.'

'Then let it be.' She is calm now, fear gone, proud to be the vessel of the Master's trust.

'Even I can administer it only with your express permission,' he reminds her. 'It cannot be ordained, it must be willingly accepted, for it can be worse than tenth degree.'

Tenth degree!! She represses a shudder, then says firmly: 'If the Master wills it, then I will it.'

'In the name of the Master?' he intones.

'In the name of the Master, and of my only salvation,' she makes dutiful reply.

'So let it be!'

She hobbles back to the table, kneeling once again and offering her pink throbbing nates for further testing.

His voice is solemn: 'You still have the opportunity to change your mind, for this is a grave step. Once begun, the rite has to be completed. You will be caned on the buttocks and thighs. So will you be purified for the Master's purpose, and so will you become Princess of Pain.'

'Princess of Pain!'

'So it is written, and so will you be second in authority only to myself and the other Princes. Your authority will entitle you to administer chastisement to the Brethren as I do myself.'

'And the Sisters?' Her voice is suddenly sharp. 'When I am Princess of Pain, can I chastise the Sisters too? The pretty ones?'

The sudden bitterness in her tone is surprising to him, for at a time like this she should be preparing herself for her ordeal, not indulging in such whims.

'Of course,' he replies evenly. 'You can chastise all Brothers and Sisters. So it is written.'

'Then let us begin!'

'Of course.' Within seconds he is standing above her, a vicious looking cane in his hand, retrieved from a hidden recess in the fireplace. Sisters have been known to lose their nerve, and it is to his credit that the production of the cane is swift and sudden.

Her eyes mesmerise him through the grotesque mask as he raises his hand to strike the first blow to her quivering flesh. The implement falls, and her cries rend the air as her body twists and turns in a frenzy. The Master has taken another of his own to his bosom.

HINTS FOR YOUNG LADIES

The weather had improved somewhat by the afternoon. The wind had dropped and there were even some little patches of blue in the sky. It was not like yesterday, though. Not at all. Maybe that was the only good day there would be here on Little Kelpen, Moira told herself. Rain and storms were what this place was noted for and yesterday was probably just a flash in the pan. She was not in a very happy frame of mind.

For one thing her bottom still stung, from that awful cane. It was there in the sitting room propped against the wall, a constant reminder of the devastation it

could wreak on a girl's bottom. Of the devastation it had wreaked. Those he had given her with her shorts and knickers down, well, they didn't even bear thinking about. And there was no reason to suppose Mr McAirdley wasn't going to keep on doing it. She looked morosely out of the window. He had more or less told her that.

Mr McAirdley was out at the moment. He had gone off to visit someone. He said he would be taking her round to visit his friends in due course but first of all Moira had to get through some basic training, to show she could handle the job. This meant doing all the cleaning



and washing etc. And it probably also meant getting the cane. After that caning this morning Mr McAirdley had said that she had taken it all right although she had made a bit of noise. Perhaps she could do better next time. *Next time!*

He came back about seven o'clock. She had mostly kept busy doing the various things he had told her to do, so Mr McAirdley couldn't complain about that. He seemed friendly enough, not like when she had got back earlier from Mr McTaggart's. But it had been Mr McAirdley's fault, sending her out with virtually nothing on; what did he expect old McTaggart to do?

Yes Mr McAirdley seemed friendly and gave her a nice hug when he came in. He wanted to know what she had done and Moira told him. That seemed OK. He still had his arms round her and one hand was now unfastening her shorts. Those same tight little shorts that Mr McTaggart had taken off and then subsequently Mr McAirdley had taken down to cane Moira's bottom. He was taking them down now, and then the brief knickers.

She trembled, her face against his cardigan. His hand was on her bare bottom and it was still tender, there were probably still lines there from the cane. Cer-

tainly a little earlier she had been able to see the marks. Why had he taken her shorts and knickers down? Was Mr McAirdley going to cane her again? Right now? In spite of seeming in a good mood.

He asked if it was still sore. Moira said Yes.

Continuing to stroke her bottom Mr McAirdley right out of the blue asked if she was a virgin. 'Yes. Of course.' The words popped out against the hairy cardigan. Before yesterday she had thought that by now she possibly wouldn't be. But she was still. All that had happened was that she had been caned. Plus that





awful McTaggart. Sheering, she thought of that - up on his table, on her back on the towel. In spite of her struggles he had got her knickers off. And then...his

stale heat, old fingers had brought her off. 'Massage'.
What would Mr McArdley do if he found out about that?

His hand was still there, teasing her appreciative bottom. 'There'll have to be more caning. You know that, don't you, Moira?'



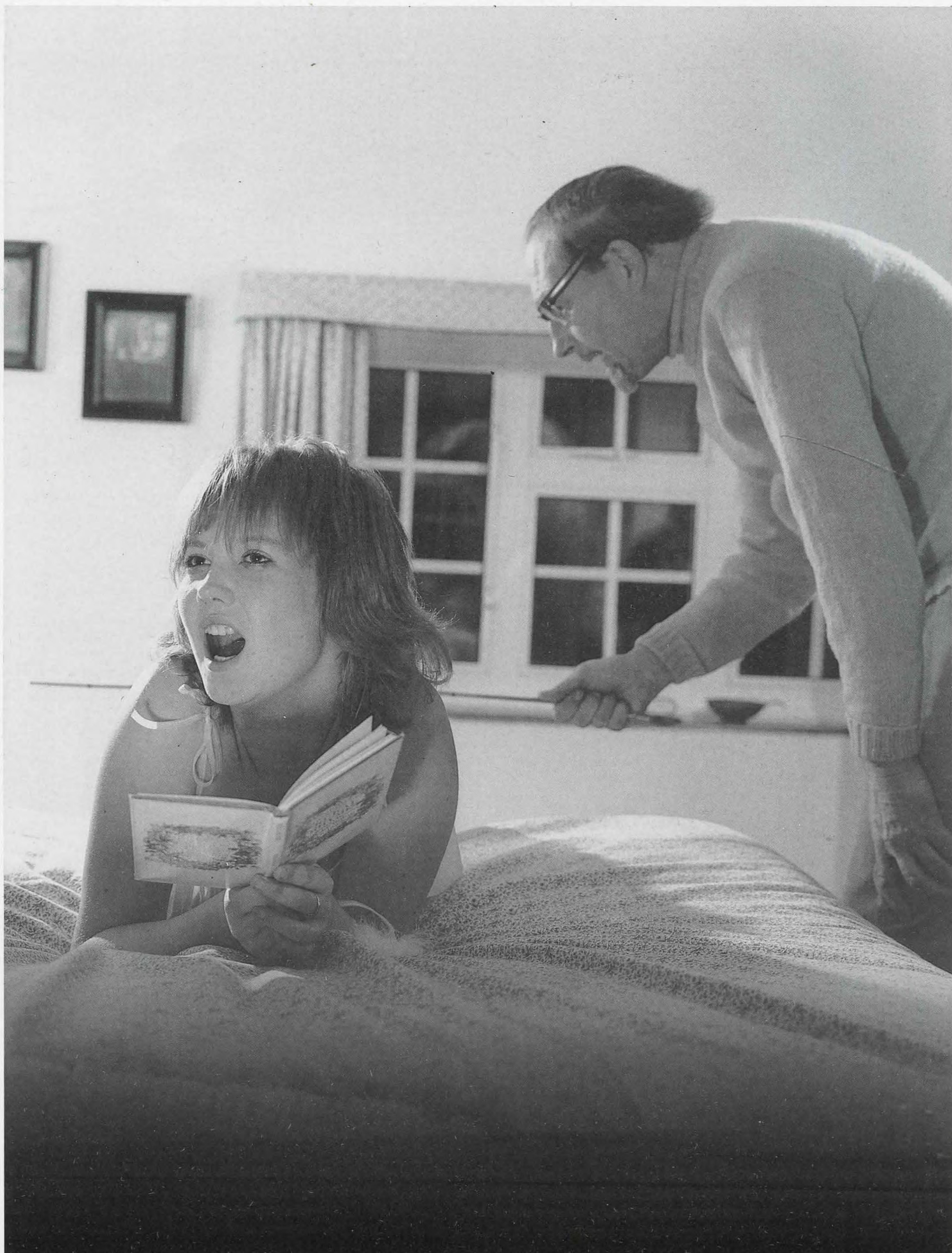
She made a despairing sound into the cardigan. Yes she did know it. She could sense it. Mr McAirdley liked doing it. Before it was that other she had been worrying about; now she would almost

welcome that.

The fingers gave her rear a little pinch. 'Why not go up and have a rest. You've been very busy all day. Put that pretty nightie on and get into bed.'

She glanced up. It seemed a strange suggestion. It wasn't yet properly dark. But Mr McAirdley was pushing her away. A pat to her bottom. She gave him a quizzing look and then pulled up her





knickers and shorts. Hugh McAirdley watched the tight, brief shorts disappear up the stairs.

A few minutes later he stepped over to his bookshelves and took out a slim volume. It was entitled: *Hints for Young*

Ladies. Inside on the title page there was also a sub-title: *Advice for Young Females on Entering a Gentleman's Employment*. The author's name was Robin Goodheart. Some unknown Victorian perhaps? No, Robin Goodheart

was in fact Hugh McAirdley. He had had the book privately printed.

He glanced through its crisp pages, then stepped over to where his cane stood against the wall. With the book under his arm he picked up the cane and





thoughtfully flexed it. He went to sit down and glance again at the pages of *Hints for Young Ladies*. A little later, carrying book and cane, he followed Moira up the polished wooden stairs.

She was in bed, lying wide awake,

when he opened the door and looked in. She hadn't been there long, lying looking up at the ceiling with various thoughts chasing each other through her head. Now Mr McAirdley was telling her to get up. She was to come into his

room.

The first thing Moira saw was the cane. It had been downstairs in the sitting room and now it was here on a little stool by Mr McAirdley's bed. It was on top of a book but she didn't notice that



at first, only the cane. Not until Mr McAirdley picked the book up. He showed it to her. It was called: *Hints for Young Ladies*. But Moira's thoughts were still on the cane. He had obviously brought it up for a reason. He was going to cane her again.

Mr McAirdley opened the book. He made her kneel up on a little stool, facing the bed. 'Read it. Read it out loud.

Here.' His finger was pointing.

Haltingly she read it out: 'A young person entering a gentleman's employment must be meek and obedient in all things. If she is fortunate her employer will be kind and considerate but nonetheless a wise employer will always practise discipline. He will keep a cane and he will wish to use it. A young person even though she is industrious and obedient

will nonetheless be subject to regular canings.'

She looked at Mr McAirdley who was now sitting down on his bed.

'A wise young person will know that these canings are for her own good. She will accept them obediently...'

Mr McAirdley got up and paced the room behind her, then his hand patted her bottom. She glanced round, nervous-



ly. His hands were tugging down the little knickers of the baby-doll nightie which this time she had put on.

He smiled at her. 'It's all in the book, isn't it? It's a very good book and full of very sensible advice. You'll have to study it. What we're going to do now is have a lesson with the book.' He patted her bottom again. 'I want you to lie across the bed and read from it. Read it out, as you were.'

She knew what Mr McAirdley was going to do. He was going to cane her. Make her read out and cane her at the same time. It was another of those

games. Like the Chinese Checkers only worse because this wouldn't be a spanking it would be that cane. The cane on her bare bottom because her knickers were down, halfway to her knees, and the nightie was now pulled up, over her back.

'Come on. What does it say?'

He had the cane in his hand. She knew. Her bottom flinching. Moira made her eyes focus on the open page.

'A sensible young person will welcome the ca....'

The cane cracked down. Moira made a gluggy, gaspy sound.

She read through three pages. Forcing

the words out although at times they were garbled and not easily recognisable. When it was too bad Mr McAirdley made her go back and read it again. While all the time...

That cane...

After the three pages he said that was enough for today. He made her kneel up on the stool and show him her bottom, hot and bothered and cane-marked as it was. Then suddenly, he spanked her tender bottom hard.

'Off to bed,' he said, and looked at her in a way that said, 'I'll be in to see you later.'

FEEDBACK FEEDBACK FEEDBACK FEEDBACK FEEDBACK FEEDBACK



Dear Editor,

At times your magazine is really 'fantastic'. Some of the photography is wonderful and your writers do have a sexy edge still (not that we like a lot of articles, we prefer photo's). Six of us, in Cardiff have joined together to buy all your productions; it's the way we can afford them all.

You are still producing a classic in and out, but I'm sure you have noticed how your rivals are copying and even now at times outdoing you. We only buy a different mag occasionally to see if their standard is worth it.

We've enclosed one of your rivals' pictures. We're sure you'll have seen the set. Its not the best but that's because they do what you do; print the best back to back. It's very frustrating for cutting out. We keep a scrap book, you see, of the best set from each magazine you put out.

Look — in the accompanying photo the girls are perfectly posed, vulnerable, available; it's easy to add the restraints.

Please Blushes, you are still the best but don't be overtaken. There are mistakes in your rivals set of photo's from which the enclosed is taken; girls smiling, caner not looking serious, and the girls don't look humiliated or hurt whereas yours do. But, they are stripped down to naked and the poses are right for adding to for realism. The tits are bare and the legs open. Having said that, the last Blushes (No. 26) was very good with the girl on her back, showing some pussy (for a change), but please include a Join-the-Dots type of arrangement. Adding the extra's in a several page series of hellish knob-raising, believe us. Give all your lovely girls an extra something they are all lovely.

B. Young & Co.

Dear Editor,

May I congratulate you on your imaginative series 'Join the Dots'. I think it is a wonderful way of allowing what I might call reader-participation in your magazine. Of course, one has always been at liberty to embellish some of your superb photographs but when a young lady is specially posed for that purpose, it makes things even better.

However, I do make an earnest plea for some of these 'Join the Dots' pictures to be in full colour. Or even, maybe, in two colours.

There is another thing. Though I don't like to criticise such an original

idea, I do think there should be more 'creativity' put into some of the poses. At the moment, most of the girls seem to be, in the main, standing around with arms raised and wrists crossed. I would like to see the girls placed in far more exciting postures — postures in which they are ready to be dealt with as severely as they deserve. May I give a few examples?

1. Girl lying face down on a hospital-type bed, her hands clutching the iron head rail and her ankles lying on the top of the end rail. In addition, a number of pillows should have been placed under her tummy so that her bared hind-quarters are lifted high.

2. A naked girl is bending over the back of an armchair. Her head is right down in the seat so that her buttocks are curving tautly. Her hands and wrists should be pressing to the front castors of the chair.

3. Two running hurdles are placed alongside each other about a foot apart. Then a plank is placed so that it lies along the top of the hurdles. The girl bends over the plank so that she can just touch her toes. If she is a tall girl, it may be necessary to place the hurdles on blocks of wood or boxes. The whole point is that the hurdles carrying the plank must be of sufficient height so that the girl is at maximum stretch.

4. I feel one could make some good use of a bathroom. There is the bath itself. For example, girl draped over tray which holds soap, flannels etc. She should be clutching taps. The lavatory pan could also be put to use. A rather humiliating object for any punishee to have to be over. Finally there is the shower...with water on or off.

5. For outdoor scenes, may I suggest fallen trees, stiles, farm gates, straw bales and various items of farming equipment as useful objects for positioning a young lady for punishment?

6. Finally, what about making use of the car? Over the bonnet? Halfway out of the boot?

I hope you don't mind my making these suggestions but I'm simply trying to make a good magazine even better.

In any event, whether you use any of my suggestions or not, please continue with your 'Join the Dots' series.

Mark T, Faversham

Dear Sir,

A liberty perhaps but I must request the reproduction of the picture on the top half of page 29 of Blushes No. 6.

As far as I'm concerned this remains at the least the best caning shot published and certainly no-one worth their salt could be offended by it.

Tempting providence I'd suggest it deserves a two-page colour spread with the gentleman's bespectacled features included.

Should my impertinence be rewarded I should forever remain indebted to you.

G.C.J.

Dear Sir,

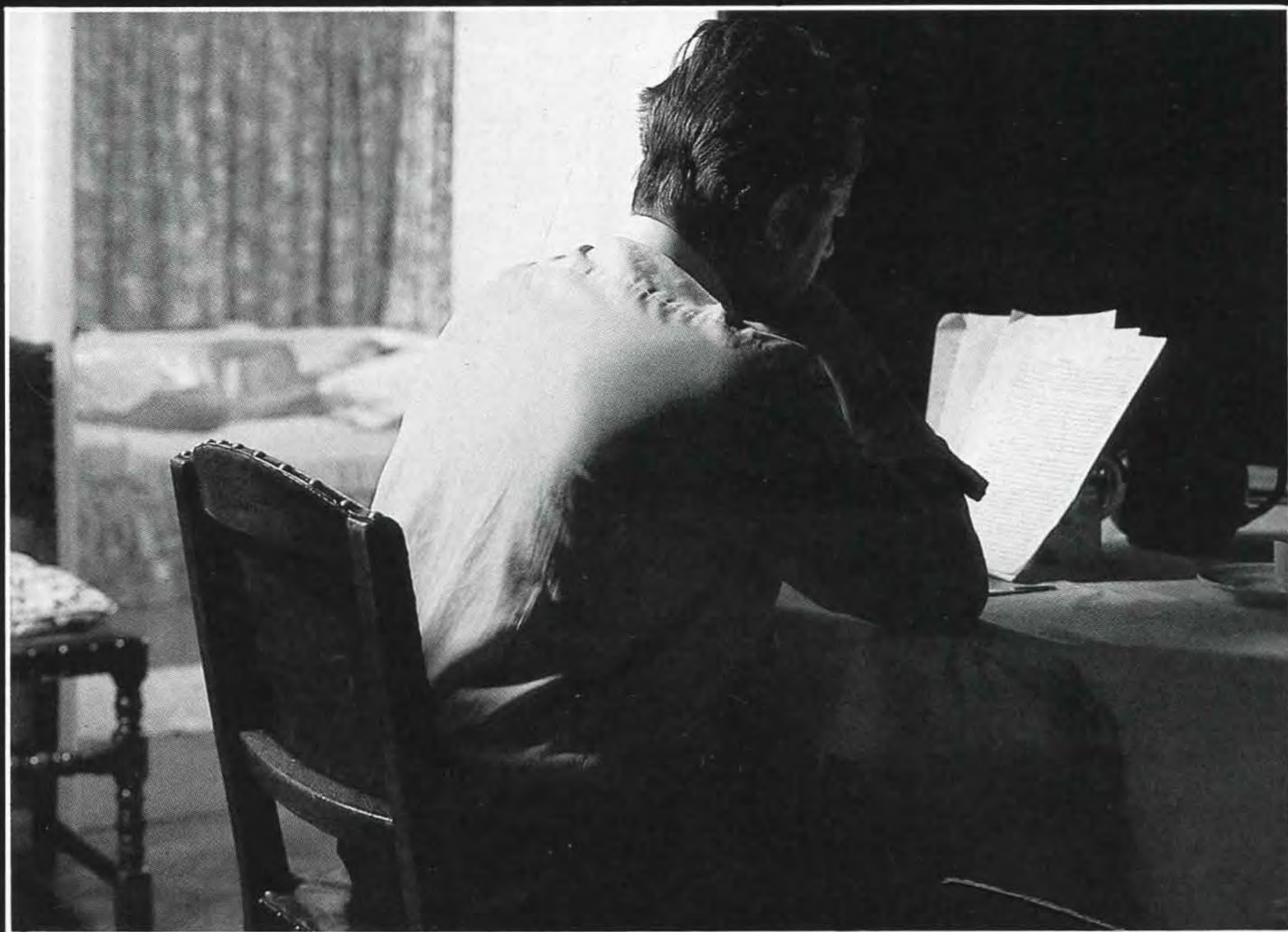
May I enter a plea for more of the 'domestic discipline' type of article — illustrated, of course. Much as the thought of taking the new secretary, filing clerk or waitress across one's knees appeals, it is the more intimate environment of home and hearth that I find most stimulating to contemplate. In the home, the evening-long anticipation of the pleasure to come, when the girl will eventually be summoned to stand before the fireplace or the study desk and will be lectured at length whilst she blushes at the thought that, inevitably, her knickers will be coming down, or pales as the dread cane or strap is produced from its place of keeping — that is pleasure indeed, as is the thought of the aftermath of the punishment itself; the tears still rolling down pink cheeks as knickers are wangled back up over burning buttocks, the wide-eyed, 'please believe me' promises are pledged to the stern-faced deliverer of spanks, or strokes of cane or strap to wriggly bum-cheeks. The patronising, self-gratifying pats to the plump and punished knickered bottom, as the girl is sent off to bed in disgrace at half-past nine though she be eighteen or nineteen or twenty years old; all those things are delightful in themselves, besides the long-drawn out satisfaction of the actual punishment itself.

On occasions you have produced photographs which have captured the ambiance of such occasions; Do, then, if possible, direct your policy toward the kind of situation I have outlined, with, if space permits, photographs depicting those 'before' and 'after' moments, as well as the girl's actual punishment taking place.

V.B.C., Midlands



A TRIP WITH MR KINLARD



Nicola opened her eyes, then shut them again. The sun was blazing in from the window, blindingly. She opened her eyes again more cautiously, a fraction. Where was she anyway? This room wasn't recognisable. Nicola pulled together jumbled thoughts. Oh. Oh yes. She remembered. The boat journey, and then the coach. With Mr Kinlard. Amsterdam. They were in Amsterdam.

Part of her course. St Angela's College. For young ladies of 18 and up who needed a little further general education and whose parents, naturally, could afford to pay. Art. It was part of her Art Course. She was here with Mr Kinlard to visit the art museums. The Rijksmuseum and all that. So this room was their hotel. She remembered that now. More vivid-

ly, though, Nicola remembered the boat. Or part of it.

That little cabin. What she remembered most vividly of course was Mr Kinlard strapping her. His tawse. Taking it out of his leather case. Smiling. 'We cannot abandon discipline simply because we are off on a little jaunt. Can we, Nicola dear?'

Who would have thought Mr Kinlard would have brought his tawse with him? Nicola had protested, because she did not at all enjoy the tawse. Trying to wheedle round him. Feminine ploys. Taking hold of his arm and, pleading, rubbing up against him. Her firm breasts against his arm. Because she had already wondered, anyway, on seeing this cosy little cabin for just the two of them, whether Mr Kinlard might not have something else in mind. The bunks were narrow — but



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it was not really impossible to imagine two persons in one of them. Especially of course...if one person was on top of the other.

Nicola had wondered about that. And wondered how she would respond if Mr Kinlard suggested it. Or obliquely indicated that it might be...interesting. Well, she would have to agree. Mr Kinlard was in charge of her. And Mr Kinlard was not exactly an ogre. An older man, or at least older when you were 18, but then older men had the attraction of charm and experience of the world. Yes, the thought of being in one of the narrow bunks with Mr Kinlard was not an impossibly awful thought. It was certainly a better thought than Mr Kinlard with his tawse.

But Nicola's firm breasts against his arm had not prevailed. Nor her soft belly against his hip. And the pleadings from the soft, full lips and the flutterings, like butterfly wings, of long eyelashes hadn't done anything either. Mr Kinlard had decided he was going to use his tawse and that was it. 'It's simply a little reminder, Nicola, so that you remain on your very best behaviour. We don't want you wandering off or anything.'

Nicola had naturally insisted that she wouldn't dream of wandering off. And of course she wouldn't. But she knew what Mr Kinlard was referring to. Another girl, Susan, had somehow, on an earlier trip here, managed to escape the clutches of her escort and wandered off. Into the red-light area naturally. Where it seemed she had been mistaken for



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a prostitute. Susan had apparently not been at all averse to this, had been most co-operative in fact. Accounts varied as to how many men she consorted with, and how much money she made. But clearly St. Angela's, with its excellent reputation to consider, was not keen on a repeat.

So Nicola, probably largely because of that Susan, had got the tawse. In that cosy little cabin which, though it was small, was big enough for Mr Kinlard to wield his hateful leather strap. Mr Kinlard had made her strip, completely nude, everything off. And then kneel on the floor in that little central space with her head down on the carpet. Mr Kinlard had to sit on the end of one of the lower bunks, that was all the space there was. But it hadn't prevented him from really laying it

on. Poor Nicola's bottom had felt afterwards as if someone had played a blow-torch on it.

And that had been it. There hadn't been two persons climbing together into one bunk. Mr Kinlard had given her a hug afterwards, and run his hand over Nicola's glowing rear, but that had been it. Nicola had got into one bunk and Mr Kinlard had got into the other. It was a little bit disappointing, and of course it would have been something, a diversion, to take Nicola's mind off her still stinging bottom. Didn't Mr Kinlard fancy her? Or was he just being very honourable. This was the first trip Nicola had been on. Other girls certainly spoke of men staff going to bed with them when they took them on a trip — but of course you could never tell if girls were simply making it up. Boasting.

Nicola opened her eyes a bit wider, now they were accustomed to the light. This bed she was in wasn't a lot bigger than the bunk on the boat. A little bigger though. There would certainly be enough space for two, if they were close. Bodies entwined. She rolled over, stretching out her legs. Her bed was in a little alcove and there was a similar alcove on the other side, where Mr Kinlard's bed was. Where was he? Was he still in bed? What if she went over and got in with him? Nicola rubbed her thighs together. She was feeling a bit...her hand went down...to give herself a little rub. She groaned, quietly. But if she did something like that Mr Kinlard would probably just give her another tawsing. He probably preferred tawsing a girl to the other.

Nicola rolled over again. What

time was it anyway? She closed her eyes, just for a moment. But it was more than a moment, because she fell asleep again. When she woke it was to Mr Kinlard shaking her arm. Her eyes opened, and blinked. It all came quickly back, it was all the same as before except that now Mr Kinlard was sitting on the side of her bed. She blinked some more.

'I was awake earlier, but you weren't here. Or I couldn't see you at least. What time is it...Sir?'

Sometimes men staff told you not to call them Sir but Nicola, remembering the tawse, thought it might be as well to be on the safe side.

Mr Kinlard said it was 9 o'clock. He had just been checking the notes on the Rijksmuseum. 'One of the world's great art museums, Nicola. A great experience.'

Nicola said 'Yes Sir.' She looked up to give him a cool gaze from beneath the long lashes. The great experience she could fancy right now would be Mr Kinlard. On top of her. She surreptitiously pushed the light bedcover back. Nicola wasn't nude, as she had been on the boat, but what she had on was rather flattering, or so she thought. A little transparent silk chemise of sea green and matching French knickers. Mr Kinlard could take the knickers off whenever he felt like it. But then she thought, Oh Cripes. Because he might decide to take them off for the tawse.

'We'll pay a visit right after breakfast,' Mr Kinlard said. 'It will be most rewarding.'

Nicola smiled. He hadn't actually told her to get up yet. And he did seem to be looking in an appreciative manner at what was revealed. Nicola pushed out her boobs. One narrow shoulder strap was sliding down but in any case the silk top was quite transparent. Her nipples were sticking out, dark solid peaks against the thin material. Yes she really could...right now.

Mr Kinlard got up off the bed. And told Nicola to get up. Oh. How utterly miserable. It would have been so nice. Just quickly before breakfast. Maybe she should be bolder and say something.

Nicola got up and stood by the bed. Presumably she had to get dressed. A querying look at Mr Kinlard.

He was smiling. That same smug smile he had had yesterday when he opened his case. His eyes went to the windowsill. 'There,' he said.

Nicola looked. Somehow she





hadn't noticed it before though it had obviously been there. Plain enough to see. His tawse. 'Reach it for me, please,' Mr Kinlard said.

Oh God. He was going to do it again. Right now. 'No!' she breathed. 'No. Please Sir!'

'I think we should. There are all sorts of temptations in this city and I want to be sure that you remain vigilant, Nicola. A girl's flesh is weak but if the thought of punishment is kept right at the forefront of her mind...'

'I won't. I wouldn't do anything,' she protested. 'Don't.' Nicola was grabbing at his arm again. Rubbing herself against Mr Kinlard. Why did he have to be so awful? Why couldn't he just...because if he did that a girl wouldn't dream of straying. Nicola would certainly not want all the men that Susan had taken. That would be hateful. If she had Mr Kinlard....but not his tawse again.

But it was to be the tawse. Mr Kinlard pushed her away, though not without a friendly feel at the tits that had been rubbing against him. 'The tawse, Nicola. Give it to me and then get on the bed. Kneeling up.'

Oh God! The tawse was absolutely dreadful. You did get it from time to time at St. Angela's. From various men staff. And not always for what seemed like a very good reason. It was true what girls said, some of them just liked giving you the tawse. But the fact that you had had it before did not make it any easier to take. It was always horrible. It was horrible to be like that, in whatever position they got you but always with your bottom stuck out. And the stinging pain was horrible too. The whole thing was horribly horrible.

Mr Kinlard was making her pull down the sexy French knickers, then he made her kneel — with her hands on the windowsill. 'Stick it out a bit more,' he said. 'It won't take long and then we'll have breakfast and be off.'

Mr Kinlard had Nicola's knickers down, round her knees. His hand was feeling her bare bottom. He does fancy me a bit, she thought. But if he does why doesn't he just push me down, and do me. That would be heaven. Whereas...

'Aeeeeiiihhh!'

'Don't make so much noise, Nicola. Other guests will think you're being attacked...raped...'

'Aaaeeiiihhh! I wish I was. It's be....aaooowww! better than this.'

Mr Kinlard kept on. wasn't he



ever going to stop? He was killing her. Halfway through she thought he was stopping but he was only changing her position. Bending her right down, her head and arms down on the bed. And then starting again.

He did eventually stop of course. Nicola's face was wet with tears. Well she couldn't help it, her bottom was killing her. Mr Kinlard was helping her off the bed. She needed help. 'That wasn't so bad, was it?' he asked.

Nicola almost burst out howling, like a little kid. 'You...almost killed me...' she stuttered.

Mr Kinlard put his arm round her and gave her a hug. 'Just doing what has to be done, Nicola dear.' Then he gave her a kiss. Nicola opened her mouth. And Mr Kinlard actually pushed his tongue in. Not that that

made up for the way he had beaten her. But it gave Nicola a nice little tingle — a different tingle from the one in her red-hot bottom.

They went to the museum, where Mr Kinlard was in raptures about the pictures. All those Rembrandts and Breughels etc. Nicola of course agreed and tried to sound equally enthusiastic. But there was rather a lot of them and after you have been looking at pictures for a certain time it can get boring. She was really more interested in looking at the other people. At other men in fact. Little glances. To see if any of them were interested in looking at her. Nicola had on a smart suit, the skirt tight over her bottom. Plus dark, seamed nylons and high heels. Quite sophisticated and attractive no doubt. And she was getting some nice

looks. Did those men think Mr Kinlard was her father...or her lover...?

They had lunch in a smart restaurant (with those fees girls' fathers were paying St. Angela's could afford to let girls be taken to smart restaurants.) And after that...

Oh dear. After that...

It was all because Mr Kinlard had to check their passports, or do something with them, Nicola wasn't quite sure what. Anyway he had to go off to this office. He should have made Nicola go with him, that would perhaps have been the sensible thing. Nicola was somewhat surprised he didn't. Perhaps he was really doing something else. Smuggling? She didn't really think that. But anyway he told her to go in the museum again and wait there for him.



Nicola did wait. But not for very long. She had this very strong urge just to go and see that place. The red-light district. Where Susan had so distinguished herself. Nicola knew how to get there, on the tram. And it wouldn't take long. Just for a look. Her heart was thumping with excitement.

She got off the tram, checked her map and then put it away in her handbag. Well, she didn't want to look like a gawping tourist. What did she want to look like? Nicola wasn't really sure about that, but her heart was thumping away like anything. She was naturally thinking about Susan. Just imagining it. Nicola was imagining it when, almost immediately, she was stopped. Accosted you could say. This man. German as it turned out. About Mr Kinlard's age but bigger, hefty looking. He had spoken in German and Nicola knew a bit. It was clear what he wanted, what he thought. He thought Nicola was a prostitute.

How fantastic. Although perhaps it wasn't really so fantastic: a pretty, shapely blonde in a tight-skirted suit and high heels, sauntering along alone with a seductive sway to her bottom. No, it wasn't too surprising that Nicola got a query.

Using a mixture of German and English she made it clear that she wasn't a prostitute. It had never been too clear whether Susan had bothered to do that. But this German didn't mind, he was still very much interested. And, well, it would really be such an adventure, and presumably would not take long and then she could get back to Mr Kinlard. And Nicola was feeling somewhat frustrated at the way Mr Kinlard was behaving. And so...

A seedy little hotel, not at all like their own really nice one, and a seedy little room. Not that that really mattered, it added to the sense of adventure. Should she ask for money at this stage, Nicola wondered. And how much? It was not an area in which you received much instruction at St. Angela's. The man was grabbing her and kissing her. Grabbing at the buttons of her jacket. Nicola pushed him off, to do it herself, concerned for torn clothing. Then, abruptly, Nicola's customer, red in the face now, said something she didn't catch and went out.

What was this...?

He was shortly back. And what was this? In his hand. A cane. What...?

He wanted to use the cane. Before

he actually did the other. He wanted to use this cane on Nicola. Oh Jesus. No! Susan hadn't got any of that, had she? It had just been straightforward doing it. Quite a lot of times and quite a lot of men, but only doing it. Not... But Nicola was not in much of a position to refuse. Alone in this scary hotel in this scary district of this scary town. And with this man who was obviously a lot bigger and stronger than she was. And who was very clear about what he wanted.



Nicola, now in just her undies and nylons and high heels, heard herself plead, 'No. I've already had the tawse today.'

It was stupid of course, it didn't mean anything to this man. But it just came out. He merely grinned and gave Nicola a cut across her bare and no doubt tempting thigh. And told her to take her knickers down.



Perhaps twenty carefully weighted spansks have stung the girl's bottom; as many squeals and gasps and squirmings of youthful hips have engaged the attention of the club's seven founder members. There have been appreciative murmurs, and under-the-

breath comments have passed between the spectators. The girl is presently sniffing snottily and one of her hands has taken to waving about vaguely in a vain attempt to intercept the next spank; for the sake of effect she has not been made to desist from this



pointless yet entertaining activity. From her face-down viewpoint the girl looks into the darkness through tear-bleared eyes, finding the face of her new employer amongst the assembly, thinking that she sees him smile at her encouragingly though she can't

be sure. The arm around her waist tightens; her hand gropes blindly across her tender bottom, waving about haphazardly, trying to anticipate the next fall of the punishing hand. She bleats miserably, her panic mounting as the next spank fails to arrive — yet.

